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LITERARY AMUSEMENTS;

O R,

EVENING ENTERTAINER.

BY A FEMALE HAND.

CONTAINING,

The History of Mr. Allen.	Effects of Seduction.
The Life of an Authorefs.	Letter on Suicide.
The Enchanted Rose.	On the Studies of Women.
History of Nouzhatel.	William and Phebe.
Fatal Curiosity.	Thoughts on Friendship.
The Fox-hunters.	On Rural Simplicity.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

D U B L I N:

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M D C C L X X I I.



T H E
C O N T E N T S
O F T H E
S E C O N D V O L U M E.

A Letter from a married Lady, to warn her of too precipitate a Choice in the Mar- ried State	Page	1
Blank Verses on a Spider's Web	—	23
The Enchanted Rose. An Eastern Tale		24
The History of Nouzhatel, Princess of Serendib	—	46
Essay on Slander and Evil Speaking		72
On Relative Affection. In Answer to a Friend's Remonstrances, in the Behalf of a neglected Brother	—	93
Tomy Niece, A. M. with a new Pair of Shoes on her first going alone	—	96
Ode to Melancholy	—	97
Essay on Indolence, and the Improvement of our Time	—	100
A Plan for the Prevention of future Taxes in carrying on the American War, and a Way pointed out for the bringing it to a speedy Conclusion	—	104
		On

C O N T E N T S.

On Admiral Byng. Addressed to the Ministry, in 1757. A Parody	Page 110
A Vision. In a Letter to a Friend, written at the Age of Fourteen	110
Verfes, Extempore. On seeing a beautiful Boy, of Three Years old, who, fatigued with his Sports, fell asleep with his Play- things in his Hand	125
Letters from a Lady in the Country, to her Friend in London, describing a Pastoral Courtship	126
Letter from a young Lady in London, to her Friend, with an Account of an Excursion into the Country, ridiculing Masculine Amusements for Ladies.	140
Letter in Continuation to the same Friend	159
On Taxing the Americans. Written in the Year 1775.	171
Essay on Complaisance	176
Letter from a Gentleman to his Friend, on Temperance	186
On the Importance of the Colonies to Great Britain	194
An Arabian Moral Tale	200
Fatal Curiosity. An Arabian Tale	202

L I T E R A R Y
A M U S E M E N T S,

WRITTEN BY A LADY.

A
L E T T E R

*From a married, to a single Lady, to
warn her of a too precipitate Choice
in the Marriage State.*

MY DEAR EMILY,

AN unaccountable report pre-
vails in my neighbourhood that
you are soon going to give
your hand to a gentleman of a
Vol. II. B very

2 LITERARY AMUSEMENTS.

very gay character, with whom you have only danced thrice at Bath.—Is this true?—I hope not. For heavens sake, think what you are about;—and do not rashly venture on absolute ruin, with your eyes open. From your ample fortune, you can have no temptations to do that from the fear of poverty, which many indigent, but worthy young women are forced to do; namely, to give their reluctant hand to a man who thinks he does a woman a mighty honour, in asking her for a wife. Many women, for the sake of being settled, render themselves compleatly wretched, and in fact are unsettled for life.—You will, perhaps, smile at my taking the matron so much upon me, to preach to you on this subject, who have not been married six months myself.

Well, my dear, I give you leave to laugh; but I have just heard
so

so shocking a tale of a too precipitate choice, that I cannot help shuddering for your situation.—I send you, therefore, the particulars of the story, that you may take warning.

I have lately been obliged to engage a new servant, to be about my person; and have luckily had a most amiable young woman recommended to me for that purpose. There was something in her manner, I soon saw, which created my esteem, and a melancholy on her spirits which excited all my pity.

She had been with me about a fortnight, when one day, as I was returning from a walk, rather sooner than might be expected, and entering my dressing room, I heard some person playing a concerto on my harpsicord, with the most exquisite taste and execution. I imagined some visiter had arrived in my absence, but on opening the

B 2

door,

door, was astonished to see Peggy, my maid, seated at the harpsichord: she rose at my entrance, in the utmost confusion.

“ My good young woman, (said I) I am now convinced of what I, indeed, from your education, since I have had the pleasure of so agreeable a person, under my roof, suspected; namely, that you are in a rank, at present, greatly inferior to your birth.”---(She blushed extremely) “ Nay, (I continued) make me your friend:—indeed, I am most sincerely so.—As a proof of it, from this day forward, I make you my companion. I am, and have been often hurt, that you ever was my servant.---Come, let us go to the hermitage, in the wood, and there, I hope, you will think me worthy your confidence.”

“ I should (she modestly replied) very ill deserve your present generous sentiments in my favour, if I
hesitated

hesitated a moment to fulfil your request."

When we were seated in our retreat, I again renewed my desire, which she at once complied with, and to the best of my remembrance, in the following words:

"I fear, madam, I shall forfeit your esteem, in informing you that all my sorrows flow from too rash and precipitate an election in marriage:---May my little story be a warning to other young people, who may, like me, be possessed of a handsome fortune, and destitute of a parent's careful hand to guide their choice."

She hesitated.---That moment I thought, Emily, of you;---and was more desirous than before, to hear her history, in hopes it might be of some little service to my friend.---After bitterly sighing, she continued.--

"My parents dying, when I was very young I was left to the care

6 LITERARY AMUSEMENTS.

of a maiden aunt in Essex. My fortune was ten thousand pounds; which sum I was to receive at the age of twenty one. My aunt was one of the best of women, but from some disappointment in her youth, had contracted such an aversion to men in general, that no man ever entered the doors, but the parson of the parish, and my music and dancing masters, who were all old married men.—I mention this circumstance, because the very particular strictness in my education might probably be one reason why I, on my immediate acquaintance with the man I afterwards made my husband, was so unguarded in my choice: whereas, had I been used, as most other young people are, to converse indifferently with the other sex, I might perhaps have acquired a little more penetration into their manners.

“ Soon

“ Soon after I became of age, I received my fortune, which was paid into the hands of a very eminent banker in London.

“ My aunt, who was now in a very ill state of health, was ordered by her physicians to go to Bath, and I attended her thither.—The journey was however, too much for my good relation, and she died there the following week.

“ As it was then the height of the Bath season, and as all places were the same to me, as I was in an unsettled situation, I proposed, being in very convenient lodgings, to stay about two months longer, as I had besides, a disorder in my stomach, for which those waters were prescribed.

“ I got acquainted (though I lived, in general very retired) with a lady, who had formerly known my aunt. That dear relation having been then dead several weeks, I was extremely

8 LITERARY AMUSEMENTS.

importuned by the above lady to go to a ball. I consented; and unfortunately could not resist a country dance with a gentleman, who was not only extremely agreeable in his person, but perfectly (as he then appeared to me) amiable and well bred. He appeared, I thought, struck as by some secret infatuation, for he never left me the whole evening.

“ While we were dancing, I observed several people in the room whispering, and looking at my partner; for which I could not account. His dress was extremely elegant, and his whole deportment that of a man of fashion and fortune. The lady, who had attended me to the rooms, was an entire stranger there, as well as myself; and she left Bath the next day.

“ Mr. Mansell, my agreeable partner in the dance, waited on me the next morning.—That visit was pro-

productive of another, in which he declared himself my lover, with a most generous (as I thought) offer of his hand and heart.

“ He informed me he was the second son of a very ancient and respectable family in the west of England; that he had in his own right, a clear estate of two thousand a year, lately fallen to him by the death of an uncle, and that he was waiting at Bath to see his steward about another purchase. His behaviour was so tender, passionate and respectful, that my weak heart was too much inclined to hear him without feeling impressions in his favour, to which I had been, hitherto a stranger:---indeed from the fatal night I had danced with him, he had not been indifferent to me.---From the recluse life I had led with my aunt, he was the first agreeable man I had ever seen;---and I can truly say the first I had ever sighed for.

“Mr. Mansell easily saw my prejudice in his favour, and continued his addresses with the most unabated assiduity. He pressed the conclusion of our marriage with a vehemence which, afterwards, I but too well accounted for; though at the time I (poor deluded girl) imagined it to be the result of his passion. In fine, in six weeks, from our first acquaintance, we were married.

“I had told him where my fortune was placed in London, and wondered before the ceremony he never talked of settlements; but as I had been educated in the utmost refinement of idea, and with the most romantic notions of generosity, I would not, I thought, be so narrow-minded, as to make what is called a Smithfield bargain. He had informed me of his rank and fortune, which was (by his account) superior to mine, and I
could

could as soon have disputed my own existence, as doubted either his integrity, or honour.

“The evening before we were married, he exclaimed, “What a head I have! my dear miss Orkney, I have entirely forgot the lawyers upon this occasion:---but that will make no difference---a future day will do as well.”

“He proposed staying about a fortnight in Bath, and then, he said, he should carry me to his seat in Warwickshire.

“I cannot dwell on this fatal period of my life, without the most piercing regret,---I had no friends to direct me in the most important article of this world. I loved Mr. Mansell to excess; nay, I sometimes thought I was making a most prudent choice, as I could not lie under the imputation of marrying a young, giddy-brained, thoughtless rake; my lover being near twice

twice my age, and remarkably grave and sentimental.

“ We had been married just a week, when, one morning, rising sooner than usual to write a letter, I went into the dining-room, lest I should disturb my husband, who was still sleeping in bed. He soon came to me; and I after breakfast, went into my bed chamber to fetch my watch, which I had left hanging at the head of the bed, when to my great surprize, I found it gone. My astonishment was great, as I was convinced no person had been in the chamber since Mr. Mansell, whom it was impossible I should suspect. I was extremely concerned, as it was a watch of uncommon value, and the trinkets belonging to it were very rich and elegant, two of which were set round with diamonds. My husband testified great amazement on the occasion, immediately advertised the loss in the news-papers, and every

every servant in the house were strictly examined. The following evening, I looked over my jewels, intending to have them new-set. To my own ear-rings, necklace, and a very elegant bouquet for my breast, were added all my aunt's jewels, which she had left me. Mr. Mansell admired them much, and gave his opinion how they could be set to most advantage. I put them in a little casket in his presence, and to my great amazement, the next morning, it was missing.

“One would think (said I innocently) the thief was in the house.” My husband said, “he really feared so too;”---and again every servant was called up and arraigned, but to no purpose. We talked of nothing the remainder of the day but this wonderful incident. The next morning, Mr. Mansell arose sooner than usual; he break-

breakfasted out, and returned soon after in the most violent haste.

“ My dearest love (said he) I have accidentally met my steward, who is just arrived at Bath :---what cash have you got in the house?---He is come for money about repairing my estate at the abbey.---I am in the utmost hurry (continued he almost breathless) and shall send him away directly, with orders about repairing your dressing room, with which you will be delighted, as it commands a view of all my park.——But I lose time.——Will you, my love, fetch what cash you have?

“ I ran up stairs instantly, and brought down two hundred pounds in bank bills, which my aunt had left me.

“ This is all, Mr. Mansell, (said I) I have here---except two or three guineas in my pocket.

“ He took the notes in great haste, and said he should be back by
three

three o'clock, and ran down stairs immediately. I waited dinner till five, and, to my inexpressible concern, no husband arrived.—I was terrified to death, lest some accident had befallen him.—My terrors increased when midnight arrived, and I heard no tidings of him. In short, I passed the night in a state little better than distraction.—Strange conjectures began to rise in my mind:—his sudden disappearing—the amazing adventure of the watch—the diamonds;—madness was in these horrid reflections:—I was almost wild in the tumult of my distracted ideas.

“ The next morning, my servant informed me a man was below enquiring for Mr. Mansell. I ordered the servant to shew him up stairs.—Never had I seen a more ill-looking fellow. I was terrified, as I thought he looked like a highwayman. He
was

was dressed in shabby laced cloaths, and had a black patch on one eye.--- He asked me when Mr. Mansell would return.

“Return! (said I, greatly surprized at the expression)--- what do you mean by return?”

“Why madam, (answered he roughly) I suppose you know he is gone to London.---His party here begin to be quite out of patience, and can wait no longer.”

“London! (exclaimed I)---his party! ---gracious heaven!

“The man withdrew, and I fell into an agony, which no language can describe.

“This fellow had sufficiently alarmed my fears. My glaring imprudence, in marrying a man without having first enquired into his character, his fortune and connections, (mind this, Emily) now rushed into my distracted mind; and my apparent ruin, I feared, would be
the

the consequence. In the first transports of my grief, I could come to no determination. At length, I thought the most prudent step I could now take, and the most likely means I could use, to hear farther of the man, who had, it was now too plain, so cruelly deceived me, was to enquire of my banker in London, if any such person had been there to take up my cash, for on searching I found my banker's notes were missing. I determined, therefore, to leave Bath for the purpose as soon as possible. I had only three guineas in my pocket.—

I however recollected I had a small sum in my card purse, which just defrayed my lodgings and bills for the week. It was a lucky circumstance, that I had always constantly paid my bills weekly, otherwise I know not what I should have done.

“ I fet

“ I set out for London, in a perturbation of mind no language can describe, and, on my arrival there, I drove directly to my banker's. He had known me some years, by transacting my money-matters. I immediately asked for a hundred pounds of my cash; and if any person had been there on that account by the name of Mansell?

“ You have here, madam, no cash, replied the banker. Two days ago, a person, who had the appearance of a gentleman, and who called himself your husband, produced the securities I had given you for the sum in my hands, and took up the whole ten thousand pounds. He was no sooner gone, than one of Sir John Fielding's men, who happened to be present at the time of my paying the money, immediately informed me, that this very person had been twice in Newgate, for a highway robbery: that he was an
errant

errant sharper ; had been tried often at the Old Bailey, and was suspected to be the ringleader of a desperate gang of villains now at Bath. On receiving this account, two of my men, with the informant, rode with the utmost expedition in pursuit of him, but without effect. They immediately set out for Dover, as it was most probable, with so large a sum, he would fly the kingdom. But on their arrival at Dover, they understood the villain had set off from thence for France the day before."

"What farther the banker said, I know not, as I fell into strong hysteric fits, and in that dreadful condition was carried to a bed, which the humane lady of the banker had ordered to be immediately prepared for me. I remained there for some days in the most bitter distress.—The shocking idea, that I had connected myself with

with a thief, a highwayman, drove me almost to distraction; and was as bitter a reflection, as the entire loss of my whole fortune, which was now, alas! gone for ever!

“The wretch, whom I must call my husband, has never since been heard of. It is now two years since this miserable event happened.—At length, being entirely destitute of money, and choosng to be no longer burdensome to the few friends I have, I was determined to get into some reputable family for my future support. Heaven (she continued, weeping) directed me, dearest madam, to you, for which blessing, I cannot be too thankful.—Oh! may my unhappy story be a warning to the young and inexperienced, how they rashly venture on the most important step in life, without a strict enquiry into the character, fortune and manners of the man to whom they are to be united for ever!”

Here

Here this amiable young person ceased speaking.—I will think of some means to render the remainder of her days comfortable. In the mean time, my Emily, lay her affecting story to your own heart. Fly from Bath—shun this agreeable stranger, with whom you are so much captivated, lest the fate of Mrs. Mansell should be your's: which that you may avoid, is the predominant wish of

Your

Faithful Friend,

HONORIA.

BLANK

B L A N K V E R S E S

ON A

S P I D E R ' s W E B.

HOW exquisitely wrought this lawn-like
net !

Ye vain philosophers, ye men of science,
Here forego your vaunted pride, and be by
Nature taught. What cunning artist with his
Skill could form such wonderful exactness !
See how the cautious insect treads the line,
And feels it as she goes !——But, ah ! dire
thought !

'Twas cruelty the net did spread ; design'd
For treach'rous end, to lure the harmless fly,
Or lab'ring bee. Base, malignant insect !

Abhorred

Abhorred be thy art, for all thy works
Are treach'ry!—Thus, with the noblest ta-
lents

Born, how many misapply the gifts of
Heaven, and to a curse its blessings turn;
Wife only to deceive, where truth confides,
To prey upon the poor, ensnare the weak,
'Till vengeance them and their thin webs
destroy.

THE
ENCHANTED ROSE,

AN
EASTERN TALE.

ABON Hassan, chief physician to the renowned Caliph Harouin Arrisfid, Sultan of Bagdat, having by his profound knowledge in the science he professed, gained the surname of the *wise* ; and having accumulated an amazing store of wealth, in the decline of life, begged permission of his sovereign, to retire to an estate he had lately purchased in a beautiful

beautiful territory of India, which was situated in a small peninsula, near the banks of the Ganges, determined to spend the short remainder of his days in retirement and meditation.

On the Caliph granting Abon Hassan his request, he set out accordingly with his beloved son, Abdallah (his only child) for their peaceful retreat: but, alas! how vain is human wisdom! This fatal journey, which the physician imagined would be the most effectual means of prolonging his days, was in fact, the very cause of their being shortened, as the fatigue of the journey, with the difference of the climate, brought on a disease, which not the profound skill of Abon Hassan could either baffle or restrain.----In fine, in ten days after their arrival, the good old man resigned his last breath in the arms of his dear Abdallah.

It is as impossible to describe the virtues of this excellent young man, as it would be to paint the extraordinary graces of his person; or to give the reader an adequate idea of the elegant accomplishments of his refined understanding.—Happy to the greatest degree in his own disposition, that happiness diffused itself to all that were near him. His person was captivating, his address manly, his heart was generous, humane and benevolent, but as yet had never been touched with the tender passion.

A Dervise of uncommon learning, and sanctity of manners, had educated the young Abdallah under his own eye. This good old man, who had long since retired from the world, lived in a small hermitage, on the borders of the black forest, near the Caspian sea. In this retreat, he instructed his admirable pupil in the most abstruse points of philosophy, astro-

astronomy, and in many branches of the occult sciences. He was brother to Fatima, the fond mother of Abdallah, and was determined to render his nephew as accomplished as his uncommon talents enabled him to be.

Fraught with learning, genius, and virtue, this excellent young man, on receiving his father's dying breath, came at once into the possession of his vast riches.—He attended to the grave, the parent who left this sub-lunary world (full of years and wisdom) from which he could derive no such honours, as to be wept by such a son.

When the days of mourning were expired, Abdallah, as was his usual custom, rose by break of day, to enjoy the fragrant breezes of the morning, and to investigate the amazing beauties of nature in the early dawn, but chiefly to pay his oraisons to the glorious luminary the

C 2
fun,

fun, which by the Dervise (his preceptor) he had been taught to adore*.

Abdallah had thrice plunged in the river Ganges, and performed some other superstitious rites, according to the religion in which he was instructed, and which, it being on the eve of the full moon, he was more strictly enjoined to perform; when, deeply impressed with the idea of the ever-present Deity, and lost in astonishment at the beautiful scenes which, on all sides, presented themselves, he still wandered on the banks of the river; when stooping down to observe with more exactness a flower of uncommon beauty, he observed on the brink of the water, where he

* The Dervise was a Persee; a sect of religion in Persia, who worship the Sun.

stood,

stood, a beautiful carp, which lay gasping, and almost expiring on the shore. Abdallah imagined the carelessness of some fishermen had left it there, or that their net had broken. His curiosity, in examining the shining scales and other beauties of this unfortunate fish (which appeared, as it lay on the sand, to be in great agonies) gave way to his compassion, and he immediately stooped down, and with the utmost tenderness, gently took up the mute sufferer, and laid it in the water. On being restored to its native element, it flounced, at it were, in joy at its deliverance, and at once darted down the stream.

Abdallah had just performed this little act of humanity, when his sight was attracted by the dazzling shining of a gem, which lay close to his foot on the sand, on which he was just going to tread. He took it up, and found it to be a diamond

of uncommon lustre, and immense value. It was set in a gold ring, in the inside of which, he discovered two cabalistical characters, but the meaning of which he did not understand. He, however, (pleased with a ring of such inestimable value) put it on his finger, and pursued his walk; when, after an hour spent in that delightful exercise, he found he had been led by the beauty of the morning, and by being deeply engaged in his contemplation, into a path which he had not seen before. On one side, a large wood strongly claimed his attention; and on the other, a walk of willows, close to the shore of the finest river in the world, seemed to invite his steps. However, the sun being at that hour extremely hot, he struck into the wood, to enjoy a cooling shade. Here he had not walked a hundred paces, before he saw, under a vast tree,

tree, at a little distance, a large tygress with her young. Abdallah now, as well he might, gave himself up for lost, and was inly blaming himself for his rashness in venturing so far alone, when, to his utter astonishment, the tygress rose, and attentively observing him with the most gentle aspect, turned from him as it were in fear, and hastened into the thickest part of the wood. He now struck into a road, which brought him to the end of the other side of the Grove, where he met a young lion.

The terrors of Abdallah now returned, but they were unnecessary: as the noble beast, so far from pursuing him, crouched to the earth, fawned and would have licked the dust.

So wonderful a phænomenon, it must be supposed, greatly amazed our young adventurer. He at length conjectured that it was very probable,

bable, the unknown characters which were engraved on the ring he had put on his finger in the morning was a talisman; and he was right in his conjecture.

On his leaving the wood, he observed a beautiful stream, not wide, but clear and rapid, which seemed almost to encircle a small island directly opposite to where he stood. The amazing verdure of that sweet spot, the lofty trees with which its banks were crowned, and the flowers which enamelled its shores, excited the strongest curiosity in the musing mind of Abdallah to examine, still nearer, the beauties of that delightful spot.

Whilst he was casting about in his mind, how he could convey himself over the stream, he espied a boat fastened to the shore near which he stood.

Overjoyed at this discovery, he got into this little vessel, and, in
a few

a few minutes, found himself safely on shore in the most beautiful island he had ever beheld. The freshness of its verdure, the romantic sweetness of its various flowers, among which a hundred little streams bent their silvery course, rendered it a perfect Elysium.

Abdallah laid himself down on a bank of wild chamomile, intermixed with violets, in a kind of pleasing astonishment and enthusiasm.

After some time spent in the most delightful contemplations, and observing the sun to be near its decline, he began to think of returning home. He accordingly hastened to the boat, but was extremely astonished, though he had fastened it to the shore, to find it gone, and not the least appearance of it to be discovered.

Abdallah found, for that night, at least, he must remain where he was. He saw not the smallest mark of any human Being, and so perfect a solitude can hardly be conceived. He wandered into a little wilderness of flowering shrubs, among which were several lofty trees, on which were blossoms of a peculiar odoriferous fragrance. To the amazement of our adventurer, he had not as yet seen the least animal; not even the smallest creeping thing, or insect which flutters in the air: not a single bird, of any kind, did he either see or hear.

“This is strange! (said Abdallah to himself)——I should have imagined this sequestered spot would have been the sweet refuge for the feathery tribe in particular.——Here, surely, they might have built their pensile dwellings——and here they might have sung in security, safe from the cruel destroyer man.”

Though

Though Abdallah had taken no nourishment the whole day, he found not, though in the most perfect health, the least return of hunger or thirst.

“Can this too, be the effect (he tried) of my ring, as well as its being a preservative against the fury of wild beasts?”——He now began seriously to believe it had some wonderful efficacy.

Without having the least occasion for any refreshment, he however, gathered a wild pomegranate, which he tasted, and found it to be of a most exquisite flavour.

Night coming on, Abdallah climbed to the top of a large tree, and there, sheltered among its branches, (such is the guard of perfect innocence) slept more sound than, perhaps, the greatest emperor in the world on beds of down.

He

He rose with that glorious luminary, to which he had been accustomed to pay his adorations; and which, having finished, he walked to the top of a little eminence, which commanded a view of the whole island. He still saw not a human Being; but he discovered the turrets of a magnificent Castle, in a fine grove, at a small distance. He thought he would, at least, see what or who were the inhabitants of so grand an edifice. To this he was impelled by that strong curiosity, for which we can neither account nor resist, if we would.

Abdallah soon reached the Castle, which he found built of white marble, inexpressibly beautiful and magnificent. There were as many windows as days in the year, and as many doors as months. This superb building was situated in the very midst

midst of a grove of ancient trees almost impenetrable from their thickness; on which account, an amazing air of gloom was cast around.

Fear was ever a stranger to the virtuous breast of Abdallah: he advanced boldly to the castle gates, which were of polished brass, and they gave way to the touch.— Still not a Human Being nor the smallest animal was to be seen.

“ Surely, (said the son of Abon Haffan, as he entered the castle) the air of this island is particularly noxious to every Being whatever. It seems to be the very habitation of *solitude* herself.”

Full of these reflections, he came into a hall, magnificent beyond description. The tables were *lapis lazuli*, the cabinets agate and rock chrystal.

Abdallah wandered from room to room, and from gallery to gallery. Nothing met his eyes but paintings

ings of the most exquisite art, furniture of the most extraordinary value, bronzes and busts, of wonderful beauty, in every corner.——That such an habitation, fit for the residence of the greatest emperor of the East, should be deserted, by every Human Being, seemed a most inexplicable mystery to Abdallah.

He ascended the grand stair case, which led to an infinite number of rooms, all equally splendid. The benevolent mind of this good young man was hurt to see such a profusion of wealth, so judiciously collected, and so carefully placed, lying in uninhabited rooms, and in a desolated palace.

This sight struck him rather with melancholy than pleasure; and he was going to return from such a scene of useless splendour, when, at the end of the gallery, he espied a small door of solid silver, to which was tied a little gold key.

Curi-

Curiosity led him to open this door, which, " Surely (said Abdallah) must contain something more wonderful than even what I have already seen."

On applying the little gold key to the lock, the silver door opened, and he entered a large apartment, magnificent beyond all description. But his eyes were instantly taken off from beholding the richness of the furniture, to the most lovely object which nature ever made. A beautiful lady, in a profound sleep, attracted all his wonder, and admiration. She was laid on a bed of rose-coloured satin, embroidered with gold, the curtains of which were tied up with festoons of flowers, intermixed with gold spangles of uncommon beauty. The lady was in a dress of the most enchanting elegance. A kind of robe, of rose-coloured taffeta, thick set with pearls, shewed her fine shape to the utmost advantage,

advantage, and which was fastened to her breast, by a diamond of prodigious lustre and magnitude. Her lovely hair, which fell in natural ringlets on her enchanting bosom, was adorned with pearls of an immense value, and with artificial flowers, composed of rubies, emeralds, and diamonds. On one side of this beautiful object stood, on a small gold stand, a square box of sand, * and on the other, on a gold pedestal inlaid with mother of pearl, a large china vase, of inestimable value in which was a small rose-tree. One stem, only, issued from this tree, on which was one single red rose flourishing in its utmost beauty and perfection.

Vases, filled with the fragrant spices of the east, were placed on

* The ancient form, *Esc.* of the eastern Talisman.

gold pedestals, in various parts of this most magnificent apartment; but the lady engrossed all the attention of the enamoured Abdallah, whose heart instantaneously felt the powerful force of beauty. He was seized with that rapidity of passion, which is commonly the effect of a first attachment.

“ Ah! (cried the son of Abon Hassan, kneeling by this beautiful lady, and pressing one of her fair hands to his lips) if in sleep you are so exquisitely charming, what must be that face when animated with smiles, and adorned with the blush of sensibility!—But does she sleep?—is it not death?—Alas! —No—her lips are warm.— I will try their balmy influence.”

She appeared to be in a profound slumber—in the soft sleep of a smiling infant.

Abdallah was convinced that what he saw was the powerful effects of magic.

magic. This was no very pleasing idea; as to have a magician for a foe, or a rival, would certainly require his utmost endeavours to frustrate. However, if he had possessed an hundred lives, he would have thought them too little to sacrifice for the deliverance of this beautiful lady. He imagined that, perhaps, by examining the Talisman, he might find some means of breaking the charm: to this end he attempted to take up the square box of sand, but found it, as it were, fastened to the gold stand it was placed on, in such a manner, that it was impossible to separate them.—He then turned to the rose.

“ Surely (thought he) there is something very peculiar in this flower—its uncommon beauty—its fragrant sweetness, attract my admiration.—Can this be, too, enchanted? I will, however, try what effect my cropping this lovely rose will have.” He

He instantly applied his hand to the stalk of the flower, and plucking it, placed it in his bosom. In that moment, a kind of livid lightning rushed through the apartment,—the palace shook,—groans were heard,—and on Abdallah's casting up his eyes, he saw a scroll present itself, as by enchantment; on which were written in capital letters of gold, the following words:

“THE CHARM IS BROKE,

“AND DINARZADE IS FREE.

“NOUZHATEL, NOW AWAKE,

“FOR ALLADIN IS DEAD.

“THANKS, GENEROUS STRANGER,

“THANKS.”

The scroll then disappeared. All this was instantaneous;—for on the moment the rose was plucked from the stalk, the sleeping lady began to move.—She opened her fine eyes,
—she

——he sighed,——he looked around,
——and began exclaiming, “O heavens ! where,——where is the wicked Alladin ?”

The son of Abon Hassan, transported to hear her voice,——to see her charming eyes sparkling with the most animated lustre,——kneeling, took her hand, and gave her a minute detail of who he was ; the manner of his finding her ; his breaking the enchantment, by plucking the rose he then had in his bosom ; and, lastly, of his having seen the scroll, which informed him Alladin was no more.

“ Ah ! (said this lovely lady, blushing extremely) am I then indebted to you, most generous stranger, for my deliverance ? —— That rose, that fatal rose, has been the cause of my undoing.——But let me leave this bed of seeming death.”

Abdal-

Abdallah, now gently raising her in his arms, led her to a magnificent sofa, where being both seated, the beautiful lady addressed herself to her deliverer, in the following manner:

“ You are doubtless surprised, most amiable stranger, to find me in this perfect solitude ; but in return for the obliging account you have given me of yourself, I shall briefly inform you who I am, and of the vile arts that were made use of, in reducing me to the condition in which you found me.”

Abdallah, having assured the lady he most impatiently desired to be informed of her story, she began in the following words :

THE

THE
HISTORY OF NOUZHATEL,
PRINCESS OF SERENDIB.

“**I** Am the only child of the king of Serendib, an island in the eastern ocean. I was named * Nouzhatel, after my mother, who expired, when I first saw the light. My education was given to the charge of the Fairy Graciosa, who presided over my destiny. I was thought to make a rapid progress in those accomplishments,

* Which signifies in the language of that country, “Chain of Hearts.” In other countries of the east it signifies “Cluster of Pearls; Full Moon; Rising Sun,” &c. &c.

which

which were deemed proper for my sex and rank.

“ At the [age of fourteen, I unfortunately lost my kind directress Graciosa, who was summoned, by an assembly of her order to preside at a magnificent tournament in the palace of *pleasures*; which is situated in a desert island, in the most remote part of the southern ocean; and likewise the government of it devolved to her by succession. I saw her depart with an anguish of mind not to be described: it was a kind of presentiment of what was to follow.

“ I had hitherto been bred in a castle, near the sea shore, but now my father took me to his court, where I was surrounded with grandeur, and every species of magnificence.

“ My father, whose darling I was, much importuned me to marry. I had the offer of several

veral princes, who continually were coming to our court to request my hand; but I still maintained the most perfect indifference. At length, a nobleman of immense wealth came to Serendib on the same errand. He had seen my picture, of which he pretended to be greatly enamoured. This lord grew in such favour with my doating parent, who received from him presents of such an extraordinary value, that, in return, he could refuse him nothing. Indeed, I believe, what most particularly won the heart of my father to his interest was, the gift of a most curious pearl of an extraordinary size: it was wrought in the shape of a small cap, and set round with diamonds and rubies of an immense value. — There was no resisting this; and my parent, blinded by the great wealth of Alladin, (for

(for that was his name) soon after importuned me to give him my hand.

“ I was young, and flattered, and I must take some shame to myself in saying, I suffered myself too, as well as my father had been, to be blinded by the immense wealth of Alladin.——Alas! (continued the beautiful Nouzhatel, looking down and blushing extremely) I had never seen an object amiable enough to attract my affection, or to touch my heart.——In fine, I consented in an evil hour to be the wife of a man who was perfectly indifferent to me; a crime, I must acknowledge, which fully deserved the future punishment I afterwards experienced.

“ The magnificence with which our nuptials were celebrated was beyond description: on the first night of which, Graciosa appeared to me in a dream, with a countenance

expressive of the most bitter concern."

"Nouzhatel, (cried she sternly) what hast thou done? rash as thou art, thou wilt soon see the effects of your blind folly, and sigh when it is too late.—Adieu—I cannot help you,—but I will not abandon you."

"Saying this, she vanished from my sight. I waked in an agony of grief:—but kept this vision entirely locked in my own breast.

"In less than a week, I began to be extremely alarmed at some very strange peculiarities I observed in the behaviour of my husband: one of which was, that, every third hour, he constantly left the apartment, wherever he was, and retired to his study for a few minutes, where I was informed he kept twelve snakes.—But what still more excited my wonder was, that I observed he never ate of any one thing before him, when he sat at table,
but

but would make a shew of taking a spoonful of rice, or some pillaw* on his plate; but never applied it to his lips.

“ The first time I had observed him to do so, I said, Alladin, are you not well?—or do you not like what is set before you?—is it not dressed to please you?

“ He made some slight excuse, but still persevered in his abstinence.

“ I began to have horrible doubts that this man was a magician.-- Every day gave me fresh cause for my fears: I had, as yet, however, no occasion to complain of his behaviour in point of tenderness.

“ We constantly walked in our gardens, which were delightful, every evening. I often amused myself [there with accompanying my

* An Indian dish, made of fowls, rice, spices, &c.

voice with my lute, in a beautiful alcove, near a small wilderness of flowering shrubs. During my amusement, I constantly observed Alladin to walk into this wilderness (in which I had never yet been) and shut a small door after him.

“ One evening, I expressed a desire of attending him there.—He seemed alarmed;—and said, he must positively insist on my not visiting that particular spot:—that he had private reasons to the contrary:—begged I would amuse myself in the other parts of the gardens, which were very spacious and pleasant; but that spot, in the wilderness, he must lay his commands on me never to visit.”

“ Extremely alarmed at so extraordinary a prohibition, I was silent:—but my curiosity was now raised to the highest pitch, to learn what could be contained in that wilderness—

derness, to which [I, his wife, should be a stranger.

“ On my return to the palace, I met our head gardener, and being alone, I questioned him concerning the particulars of that spot, which so much occasioned my surprise; but from this man I could get no intelligence:—he evaded my questions, and I found him entirely either afraid of his master, or devoted to his interest.

“ I passed a sleepless night, [and, early in the morning, rose, and walked in the gardens; when, luckily meeting the gardener’s helper, an intelligent youth, he fully satisfied my curiosity, by informing me, there was a small pavilion of white marble, situated in the middle of the wilderness, which pavilion was surrounded by three walls, and that it was inaccessible to all but his master.

“ And what (said I, eagerly) is this great fence to guard? What treasures are there confined?---tell me.

“ The young man then laid open this secret in the following manner:”

“ Madam, there is no treasure in the pavilion—all this care and caution is to guard a rose.”

“ A rose! (I exclaimed, with the utmost astonishment) but tell me, good Mesrour (continued I to the slave) what can be the most likely means to account for so extraordinary a circumstance?

“ I will tell you, madam (said Mesrour) all I know concerning it. I had been one day employed in carrying fresh earth to manure some young trees near the pavilion, when, unperceived, I climbed the inner wall, determined to see the cause of my master's secret visits; but I trembled when I saw him enter the marble pavilion! I, however,

ever, luckily secreted myself behind a shade of myrtles, and soon found, to my terror and astonishment, that my master was a magician; and from the incantations he made use of, and other magical rites, I discovered he was come thither to perform his horrid purposes. I saw (continued the young slave) a beautiful rose, in a China vase; but no language can express my astonishment at hearing my master address this rose as a lady, whom he called Dinarzade; and whom, I found, from his words, he had changed into that flower, on account of her refusing to gratify his criminal passion, some years before that time. After many protestations of violent love, and performing many shocking ceremonies, he left the pavilion, first locking three gates after him, just before which I luckily crept round, unperceived, to the outward wall, and

made my escape into the garden : this, madam, is all I know."

" Enough——enough (said I) good Mefrour——take this purse of sequins, and be for ever silent on this subject.

" I retired to my apartment, in an agony of mind, not to be described. The frightful idea of being united for life to a magician, almost drove me distracted——and to add to my extreme uneasiness, I found an unfurmountable desire, an insatiable curiosity, growing upon me, to have this beautiful rose in my possession. I knew my desire was fruitless——I even knew it was impossible; and yet, strange infatuation! the greater the impossibility appeared, the more violent was my desire to obtain it.

" Several days passed in the most terrible perturbation of mind. I could not eat——I could not sleep——I pined——I sighed——I languished——I was a miserable victim to the vain desire

desire of an impossibility. In fine, the sixth day I fell extremely ill.—All Serendib was alarmed at my danger.—My fond parent flew to our palace; and, in an agony of grief, held me to his affectionate bosom.---Physicians were summoned from all parts to my assistance, but their aid was in vain: they pronounced that medicines were ineffectual in my disorder, which they said was in my mind.

“ Among the number of women who attended me, I had two favourite slaves, who were sisters.---They were particularly attached to me, and administered the little nourishment I was able to take, with unwearied assiduity and tenderness.

“ One night, as they were weeping at my bed-side, and kneeling, holding each a hand of mine in theirs, ah (said I, affected by their tears) my faithful Abra, my kind Zayde (for so they were called)

distress me not with these tender proofs of your sensibility.——Alas! I languish, I pine for what is not in my power to obtain.”

“Heavens! (said these kind slaves) cannot your highness impart to us, your faithful Zayde and Abra, the fatal cause of this unhappy illness? Why will you, by keeping this melancholy secret locked within your breast, prevent us, who would die to give you comfort, from endeavouring to serve you? The possession of what you so earnestly desire, may not be impossible. You know not, dearest madam, what we would do to cure your wounded mind.——We will sacrifice our lives to give you ease:——only impart to us the fatal secret, and it may be in our power to help. Selina is a fairy of wonderful skill and power.——Her we will consult on this occasion.”

“These

" These kind young maids insisted, with such real affection, to be entrusted with the fatal source of my disorder, that, at length, I imparted to them, that I was languishing---dying for a beautiful rose, in the marble pavilion in the wilderness.

" Their looks betrayed the utmost astonishment.

" Alas (continued I) cease your surprize: trifling as my desire may appear, the wishes of mankind are, in general, equally as vain and preposterous; and, if nourished, would not fail of reducing them to the same unhappy condition in which you see your miserable mistress.

" The two affectionate sisters begged me to weep no more; for that in three days I should have the entire possession of what I held so dear.

" I represented to them the difficulty of performing their promise;

as

as the lovely flower, for which I so incessantly sighed, was guarded by triple walls and barriers.

“ Zayde and Abra, however, feared not those impediments: they only begged I would give them leave of absence for three days to visit the fairy Selina, by whose aid, they doubted not, to accomplish their kind purpose.

“ It must be supposed I eagerly granted their request; and, at the dawn of day, they set out on their expedition.

“ Luckily, Alladin was at that time absent from Serendib, being gone to a castle of his near the sea shore; so that no questions could be asked concerning the absence of the two young slaves.

“ The three days were now elapsed, which I had passed in the most anxious state of suspense and impatience. At length, on the midnight of the third, arrived the sisters with

with equal privacy and care, bringing in their faithful hands a China vase, in which I beheld, with unbounded rapture, the lovely rose I had so ardently desired. I gazed on it with inexpressible transport, and it was placed near my bed, that I might view its beauties with the greater attention.

“On the morning which followed this joyful acquisition, as my two faithful slaves who had made me thus happy, and myself were debating in what manner we should best secrete this beautiful flower from every eye, and were contriving how an ivory box, with four locks, which I had in my possession, might contain it, we were alarmed by the sound of Alladin’s voice on the stairs leading to my apartments. We heard him in the most frantic passion of rage :—You may imagine our terror.

“He had, it seems, finished his business at his castle sooner than
was

was expected, and returned several days before he had fixed for that purpose.

On his arrival, he went immediately to the marble pavilion to look at his favourite rose; but, on seeing it no longer there, he ran to that part of the palace which I occupied like a madman. — Not that he then had any suspicion that I was in possession of the sweet flower, as he had then made no use of his magical art, but he imagined some of his domestics had robbed him of it. This was enough to throw Alladin into the rage we heard him; but, heavens! how was it encreased, when, on entering my bedchamber, notwithstanding our united efforts to conceal the beautiful rose, he spied it, and immediately guessed the whole.

“ It is not in the power of language to describe his furious anger.

In

In the first transports of his rage, he was going to plunge his dagger into the fair bosoms of Abra, Zayde, and myself: but starting back,---
 “ No--- (said he) I will inflict on you a severer punishment than death.”

“ Saying this, after a magical spell, which he instantly made use of, he transformed the two beautiful sisters into two frightful bats, with leathern wings, and condemned them to pass their miserable life among the dreary ruins of an old desolated tower, in the center of the black forest.

“ I heard him pronounce the shocking sentence of my punishment; which was, to be condemned to a perpetual sleep till the rose was plucked (which he imagined never would be) by a young man in possession of that ring, on which was engraved the talisman on the seal of Solomon. But, in order to preclude
 the

the most distant probability of my ever being discovered, I was conveyed in the deep sleep, into which he cast me by his enchantments, into this palace of silence, in the island of solitude.

“How you, generous stranger, (continued the beautiful Nouzhatel) discovered this place of my confinement, is to me an inexplicable mystery; unless you are in possession of that ring which was to have such powerful effects; but which the wicked Alladin believed would fall to the lot of no man, as it was only to be the reward of one endued with exemplary virtue. Naturally vicious as he was, he believed all men were the same.--- I see a ring on your finger, but surely that cannot---”

“Most adorable princess, (said Abdallah) this ring you see on my hand, may, possibly, be endued with wonderful properties, for any thing I know to the contrary; but I claim
no

no right to it as the reward of any virtue I possess.——I have, indeed, experienced its surprizing effects in preserving me from the fury of wild beasts, and likewise from suffering hunger or thirst. But——”

“Where, and how (interrupted the princess) did it come into your possession?”

Abdallah then repeated the particulars of his walking by the side of the Ganges, when, on stooping down to the banks of the river, in order to restore a beautiful carp, which lay expiring on its banks, he found a ring of uncommon lustre.

“Let me look at this ring,” said the princess of Serendib.——When, taking it in her hand, she instantly exclaimed, “Ah! my dear Graciosa, this is thy doing!——She said, indeed, she would not abandon me.——I once saw this ring in her possession; and I doubt not your superior virtues rendered you, in her esti-
esti-

estimation, the means of my deliverance. She possesses that peculiar gift of fairyism, of taking upon her the form of what being of existence she pleases. She presented herself before you, in the form of a dying fish, to try your humanity.---I see her whole design; she could not have fixed on an object more worthy her generous purpose than yourself," ---- continued the princess blushing.

The son of Abon Hassan, who had never, till now, been sensible of the force of beauty, felt at once the whole power of Nouzhatel's united charms.---The tender confusion she betrayed in her every look, encouraged him to declare his passion, which he did in the most affecting and respectful terms: and taking one of her fair hands, and tenderly pressing it to his lips,---" You are silent, beautiful Nouzhatel, (he cried)---propitious be your silence!"
In

In this tender moment, a sweet and solemn sound of soft music was heard, and Graciosa appeared before them. She presented herself to these lovers, in the utmost pomp of splendor and magnificence.

“Virtuous Abdallah (she cried) I am come to crown your happiness. I have long known your worth and excellence; but the kind act of humanity you yesterday shewed in preserving my life, when I animated the form of a dying member of the watery element, convinced me, you alone are worthy of the possession of the princess of Serendib. It was I, who, good Abdallah, caused you to find the talismanick ring of such wonderful power and efficacy, as to preserve you not only from the fury of wild beasts, but from even hunger and thirst. Be assured the smallest act of humanity, however trifling it may appear to mortals, who, by their blindness and ignorance, cannot

not look into consequences, is registered on high: and it is from that virtue, through an infinite chain of effects, you derive your present happiness.----Nouzhatel (continued the good fairy) I am convinced you have sufficiently expiated your crime (for such it was) of marrying a man you could not esteem. Your crime has been your punishment. You will imagine I have been much displeased with your conduct, as it has been so directly opposite to the sentiments I implanted in your days of education: however, I have not abandoned you, though I was determined you should suffer for some time, for your inconsiderate marriage, as well as for your indulging an insatiable and vain desire for a fleeting painted bauble, a flower which you see proved your ruin.----Alladin is now no more:---(said she, tenderly pressing Nouzhatel to her heart, who was weeping on her bosom.)---I
see

see—I know you and Abdallah are equally touched with the tenderest and best of passions, when fixed on a proper object. Live for each other, and be happy.”

Abdallah and Nouzhatel testified their joy, their admiration, and their gratitude, in terms befitting this happy event.

“But, (said the benevolent Graciosa) I will convey you from this solitary spot; for the palace of silence, and the island of solitude, are not the proper scenes for you to exert those active virtues, which constitute the happiness of mortals both here and hereafter.”

At the close of this speech, she thrice waved a little ivory wand over the heads of Abdallah and Nouzhatel, and they were instantaneously conveyed to a magnificent palace in the isle of Serendib; that kingdom now being devolved to the princess, on the late death of her father.

The

The nuptials of these amiable young persons were celebrated with the utmost pomp and magnificence, of which, Graciosa would herself take on her the whole management; so delighted was she, that her favourite princess had made so virtuous a choice.

The son of Abon Hassan, and his charming queen, lived in the most perfect happiness to an advanced age, and died sincerely lamented: and, to this day, it is customary to say, in Serendib, when a fond couple are described, that they loved like Abdallah and the fair Nouzhatel.

It is hoped the above little fable will afford, to the attentive mind, not only one, but three useful morals. The first, that there is no act of humanity, however insignificant it may appear at the time to us, but the great Author of universal benevolence will, in his own proper time, amply repay us tenfold;

fold; and that by means which mock- all human foresight. — Secondly, we are taught, by the above fable, that an union of hands only, in the married state, without an union of souls, must be productive of the bitterest regret, and followed by the severest evils this life can afford. — And, lastly, we may learn not to suffer (by the indulgence of a fruitless vain desire, after impossibilities) our minds to dwell, with fervency, on any thing in this world, that is not *useful, just, and reasonable.*

E S S A Y

O N

SLANDER AND EVIL-SPEAKING.

“**W**HO steals my purse, steals trash;—
 “ ’Twas mine, ’tis his, and has been slave
 “ to thousands :
 “ But he that filches from me my good name,
 “ Robs me of that which not enriches him,
 “ And makes me poor indeed.”

How inimitably has that great master of the human heart, the divine Shakespeare, expressed himself on this occasion ! the word *filches*, is inexpressibly to the purpose :—we see at one view the poorness, the meanness, and the despicable art of such a contemptible robbery :—a robbery which may be compared to assassination in the dark : it is, indeed, equally treacherous and cruel.

A good

A good name is the very ground and trust of credit, and credit is the strength, and main sinew of society: and till we, by some flagrant crime, have forfeited our good name, we have all a natural right to be well spoken of. Whoever, therefore, by private whisperings, false witnesses, or public slander, attaints the reputation of an innocent person, most wickedly, and injuriously attempts to exclude that person from human society. But, besides the public slanderer, there is an animal equally pernicious, who, as the eating caterpillar destroys the delicate tints and leaves of those sweet flowers he cannot wholly devour, employs his detestable arts to sully the reputation of that chastity he has failed to subdue. This destructive animal is the secret, whispering libertine, who by a significant shrug, or a sneering turn of countenance, without uttering a word that can be called slander,

VOL. II. E der,

der, will ruin the reputation of an innocent young lady for ever, in the opinion of all with whom he converses.

“Heavens! that a man should smile, and smile,—
“Yet be a villain!”——

Tom Sneer is of this diabolical stamp, of which he gave the most wicked proof a few days ago.

In a room full of company, a lady innocently asked him, if he knew the reason why Miss P—— was gone into the country, just in the midst of that gay season in town, when all the world were coming to it?——To this question, Sneer, by a shrug, and a kind of stifled half-laugh, immediately began humming an old English ballad, “The lady in the straw.”——The company all stared, and immediately took his meaning.

“Well! (said one) who could have thought she would have turned out

out in this shocking manner!——but I always said that girl had a fly look.”

“ My stars! (said another) you amaze me!——What the pretty Miss P——? And pray, what has she got, a boy, or a girl?”

One old lady drew herself up, and exclaimed,——“ Good God!—— I wonder a judgment does not fall on the heads of such forward huffeys—— and such a young creature too!—— I pity her poor parents——their condition must be deplorable.”

Thus was the reputation of a virtuous young lady, pure and unstained as is

“ The lilly or the mountain rose,”

for ever blasted. No atonement, no reparation can be made for so cruel, so malicious and groundless a surmise! Dreadful are the times indeed, when in the fashionable world, it must be thought necessary to ac-

count for staying in the country on one of the most meritorious duties a human being can be employed in, that of attending the sick bed of a dying parent; which, and which alone, was the great, and praiseworthy motive for Miss P——'s absence.

“The sneer, (says a late noble author *) “the cruel, proud, cowardly sneer, which supplies the place of wit, and discovers the abundance of ill-nature, is entirely our own.—So that if we find faults with others, how many faults may others find with us, at least an equal, if not a superior number !”

To such a pitch of wickedness, is this great crime arrived of sneering, and surmising an innocent person's character away, that even the

* Lord Orrery. See his Letters from Italy, letter XII. page 143.

best, and worthiest families, who are fond of retirement, and who do not chuse to mix with the disagreeable tittle tattle in a country neighbourhood, but who prefer (as my favourite poet Thomson says)

“ An elegant retirement, friendship, books,

“ Domestic quiet, philosophic ease;”

Such a family, I say, cannot retire into the country, in a neighbourhood where they are not known, without being made the subject of the most unjust, cruel, and slanderous suspicions. Nay, even the sacred house of God is often, too often made the place of discussing the malicious tale. Of such a shameful fact I was lately witness:---the occasion was as follows:

Happening to go to a church in a large country town, some time before the service began, I was shewn into a pew, into which soon entered three old ladies, and as service was

not begun, they thought they might indulge their favourite passion of scandal:---which they did in the following words.

“ Pray, (said the eldest, speaking in a very loud whisper to a lady who was leaning over into our pew from the next, where she was just come) pray, madam, do you know what family this is, who are come down from London, which is, you know, above an hundred miles distance from hence, and have taken the Park-house?---’Tis very strange! ---they don’t associate with the neighbourhood, I find:---it has a bad look.---Pray are they married? There’s a child, or two, I see.---The lady, I hear, is very handsome. Pray do you know what, or who they are, that choose to shut themselves up, in this manner, from all the world?”

“ Why, no, (answered the other) I do not;---but there is something very

very mysterious in their manner of living---always walking arm in arm, in the park, or gardens!---Married!---No---no: if they were man and wife, they would not be so mighty fond."

The two other ladies now could sit no longer, as the *interesting* topic grew more and more censorious; but with the most spiteful *glee* in their countenance, they arose, and joined their wise opinions.

"Why, Madam, (said one) that is the reason why I imagine this fine lady to be no better than she should be.---Handsome! do you call her? ---I saw her yesterday pass by in their chariot, and had a full view of this great beauty. If red and white can constitute beauty,---why, ---to be sure, she is very handsome.---They were laid *on* very thick, I must confess.---What!----I suppose they *pass* for *brother* and *sister*, for that I think is the

fashionable relationship, on these occasions."

I could hear no more; my indignation was indeed raised to the highest degree.

"Pray, ladies," said I, "do you know the worthy gentleman and his wife, of whom you have been speaking?---If you do not, I will tell you. Sir William Worthy, of whom you have been pleased to give your opinions so very freely, as you have also of the excellent lady Worthy, are both persons of the most exalted virtue, and refined understanding. Their large fortune they bestow not on the *idle gossips* of a country town, in making entertainments, but in secret charities, on which Heaven itself may look down with pleasure, such as cloathing the naked, and feeding the hungry. If to be beautiful, or to have two lovely babes, be, as you seem to think, just cause to suspect the virtue

virtue of a woman's character, your charitable hearts may look upon lady Worthy as a just object of your censure. She is, indeed, the most beautiful woman of the age, without the aid of those contemptible arts you have been pleased to ascribe to the finest complexion which Nature ever made. Devoted to her husband, and to the tender care of inspecting the management of her little ones, lady Worthy, though in the bloom of youth, thinks ——"

I was in the midst of vindicating the characters of two of the most virtuous people of the age, when the clergyman now entered the desk, and began divine service.

The vile hypocrites (for so I must ever call the defamers of innocence) kneeled with uplifted hands, and repeated the prayer, called the Confession, aloud, with the pious energy of faints.

Ah! thought I, he, who only knows the heart, knows how much you stand in need of his forgiveness for one of the greatest sins of which you can be guilty.

I enquired afterwards who these malicious ladies were, and learnt they were a knot of old virgins, who never missed twice every day coming to church, and the remainder of their time was every moment filled up in scolding their servants, and in scandalizing their neighbours.

There are in this world, those who can laugh away a reputation; who can tell you a very grave story disreputable of your absent friend, or relation, and when you are blessing yourself with astonishment, can burst out with laughing in your face—and cry, “a hum!—and we meant no more than a pleasant joke.”

I often think, on this occasion, of the account of the *Scorner*, in the proverbs of Solomon, who cries,
 “Was

"Was I not in sport? But their tongue cutteth like a sharp sword; the poison of asps is under their lips."

There is another species of this detestable vice, which, though not so destructive as calumny itself, is extremely cruel to an ingenuous, timid mind. It is to the face of a modest person lessening their merit, in whatever art they may excel; and this is commonly done before a room full of company.

I know two most amiable sisters, whom I shall call Harriet and Charlotte. Harriet has an extraordinary fine taste in painting natural flowers. She had just finished, the other day, a most beautiful auricula, and a bunch of rose-buds; nothing could excel the delicacy and elegance of the performance, except the pencil of nature itself. This ingenious work was shewn to a large circle of company, among whom were some exqui-

exquisite judges of the art; and they were so much pleased with the performance, that they went so far as to say, it might not perhaps be an unacceptable present to that great, and humane personage, who, though she herself excels in every polite art, does not disdain to encourage the smallest attempt of the humble artist whom misfortune has thrown into the lowly vale of life. To draw modest worth from obscurity, seems the prevailing delight of that truly good, and most respectable personage.

Harriet's young heart felt the full force of so strong an incitement to future ingenuity:—Joy sparkled in her modest eye, and her fair cheek blushed a crimson hue; when an old churlish gentleman in the company, of the stamp I am now inveighing against, rose from his seat to look at the much admired performance.

“Let

“Let me see,” said he, peevishly, “let me see this wonder.—An auricula! do you call this flower? You may just as well, child, call it a sun-flower, or a coach-wheel,—or what you please. But you give just what names you please to things.—Very silly indeed!—Pray, miss, can you make a pudding? you had better have been employed at your needle, in making a shirt or a shift, than in idling away your time in this fashion:—and when you have done all, can you pretend to vye with the works of God? Can you have the presumption to paint like nature? Ridiculous!—stick to your needle, child, that is the proper employment for a woman, and don’t suffer the praises of these gentlemen to lift you up with pride and folly.”

Poor Harriet, abashed and confounded, retired in confusion with her ingenious performance; and the company (so fond of degrading merit
in

in human nature) now all began to think as the old gentleman did.

“It is very true, Sir ;---and you are quite right ;”---was echoed from all present.

Dispraise and degradation of all kinds sink much deeper into the human mind than is usually imagined : and, I am convinced, where once it has got possession, is never totally erased. It is, indeed, like a blot on a sheet of white paper :--the mark remains indelible. How careful ought we to be then of the breath of undeserved censure, and of discountenancing merit !

The younger sister of the above ingenious young person met with the same fate. She had an uncommon fine taste for music, and excelled on the harpsichord.

She had been one morning performing, at an elegant morning concert, the most difficult of Scarlatti's lessons, which she played with the
utmost

utmost execution and taste. Her praises were repeated afterwards in a room full of company, who had heard, and who were all charmed with her performance——excepting one lady (of the *degrading* class) who drew up herself with a scornful air, with, “Yes! the young lady plays *prettily*, but it is an old lesson.”

A young gentleman present, on whom the expressive notes of the fair performer had made no small impression, reddened at this degrader of merit, and with some degree of warmth, answered, “We were talking, madam, of the fine execution and taste of Miss Charlotte, not of the year in which the lesson was composed; which, I think, was as long ago as the year twenty: but you are the best judge of its date, as you probably learnt it at school about that time.”

The lady justly deserved this sarcasm, but was sensibly nettled at it,
as

as she was one of those who had stuck at about eight and thirty for twenty years past.

But the most peculiar method of lessening merit, or degrading the beauties of either the mind or the body, is by pitying the object, for either some hereditary illness, or family misfortune. They first extol the person with seeming warmth of friendship, by which means they imagine they cannot pass for a *calumniator*.

Lady Blight is of this cast. The other day, in a large circle of company, I heard her praising the two Miss L-----'s (both celebrated beauties) in the following manner :

“ I never saw those lovely girls look so beautiful as they did last night in the front box :---their dress was elegance itself :---but, above all, that modest sweetness, that native innocence of look, for which they are so eminently distinguished, rendered

dered them inexpressibly charming. They drew the eyes of the whole house upon them; but the sweet girls were so perfectly unconscious of their own perfections, that they were looking round them to see who it was that attracted the public attention. I really believe they are not only the two most beautiful, but also the most accomplished young ladies in the world."

After this artful woman, lady Blight, had prepared every one to believe she was most warmly attached to the interest of the two young ladies she suddenly became extremely pensive; and, after a deep sigh, said, to a gentleman who sat at some distance from her, "Pray, Sir, have you heard if poor Mr. L——, the brother of these young ladies is better of that dreadful leprosy, or as some say, king's evil, which that family have in their blood?——'Tis a most melancholy affair.——Poor Miss L——'s!

L——'s ! it really grieves me to see those sweet girls, who will, undoubtedly, be as well as their brother, a prey to this shocking family disorder.---And then (continued this nicely malicious woman, with a deep sigh, and in the most pitiable tone of voice ;)——that other terrible malady on the mother's side."

"What is that, madam?" said a young gentleman eagerly, who was a professed admirer of the eldest Miss L——.

"A madness," answered lady Blight, in a mournful tone of voice; 'a confirmed madness.---Poor Mrs. L—— was under confinement many years, and at last died in a private mad-house at Chelsea:——but it is hereditary. This leprosy, I take it, is by the father's side. Indeed, I know no family so much to be pitied. That unhappy affair of the election for the county of ——, was the ruin of them all:--the estate
has

has long since been sold, and these lovely, but unfortunate girls, will not have a shilling---not a single shilling!--Deplorable indeed is their case, as they must be liable to these dreadful family maladies, and be left entirely to the bounty of their relations."

Here the slanderous woman ended her cruel and false information. She had indeed said enough; as two gentlemen, who were present, instantly resolved to break off some proposals of marriage they had made to the young ladies: as the shocking idea of madness, they could by no means admit.

Lady Blight had particular views to gratify in her invidious report, as she had a favourite niece, whom she long had wished to become the wife of Miss L——'s rich admirer.

The design of this slanderer is apparent. But I cannot help thinking

ing with an elegant authorefs*, whose heart is as benevolent as her understanding is good, that "If all the evil-speaking, one hears was to be esteemed the effect of malice, one might fancy one's self in the infernal regions. I rather fancy (continues this admirable writer) that malice has very seldom any share in it. The desire of keeping up, or enlarging general conversation, with the want of rational knowledge, or the fear of being ridiculed for shewing the knowledge we have, are the general causes of those injuries we do our fellow-creatures in our common discourse."

* Mrs. Chapone, in her Essay on Conversation, published in her miscellanies.

O N

RELATIVE AFFECTION.

In Answer to a Friend's Remonstrances in the Behalf of a neglected Brother.

"**T**HE ties of virtue are more sacred and binding than those of blood;" says that penetrating judge of the human mind, the celebrated Rochefoucault.

If this sentiment is just, as I have no doubt but it is, I am perfectly easy with respect to what you tell me.

You say I am reproached with want of natural affection to Malevolus, my brother, which shews itself, you add, in an unabating coldness towards him in company, and in studiously avoiding all manner of
con-

conversation with him, though invited to it by every token of respect and affection he can possibly give me; and this at times too when I am disposed for conversation, and will cheerfully enter into it with Honeſtus, yourself, or even any common friend who may happen to be present.

This is the sum of the charge you have drawn, and if no way improper to ask, you wish to be informed of the motives that incite me to so seeming an impropriety and unkindness.

Your wish shall be gratified.—A short sketch of the two characters you mention will be sufficient for the purpose.

Honeſtus's claim on my esteem (to say nothing of yourself and other friends) is founded on the basis of virtue. He is an enemy to none but to such as are enemies to all mankind. He is generous, friendly,
and

and humane. He is so great a lover of truth, that he will not violate it on any occasion whatever. A liar, therefore is, in his estimation, the meanest of characters, and the inventor and propagator of calumny the most detestable.

Malevolus's demands on my affections have their rise only in accidental and unmerited consanguinity. He has received some signal services from my hands, and, in return, is ever whispering injurious falsehoods of me, in order to advance some selfish design he has in view. If he is discovered, he puts on the semblance of sorrow; pretends great contrition and affection; weeps, wishes, and protests; promises future amendment; gains belief from those who have a better heart than himself;—and calumniates again.

Such is Malevolus—such is Honestus. To which my affections should incline my Atticus will tell me,

me, for his sincerity will not lead him to dissemble. His reasons will not be fettered by opinions founded in prejudice and custom; he will think freely; he will examine with candour; and he will decide with justice.

FAREWELL.

T O M Y
N I E C E, A. M.

*With a new Pair of Shoes on her first
going alone.*

Written Dec. 22, 1774,

WHEN little girls begin to walk,
Their next attempt should be to talk.
Then why thus, Nancy, why thus long
Do you persist to hold your tongue?
Full sixteen months gone o'er your head,
And not a word by you been said!
Oh! let it never once be told
That silence reign'd in girl so old!
But let us hear, by Christmas day,
Your speech at last hath found its way:
In lisping accents sweetly prattle,
Of fine new shoes, of doll, and rattle,
And prove to all your friends around,
Your sex's province you have found.

O D E

O D E

T O

MELANCHOLY.

COME, silent queen of musings mild,
 Thou sweetly-sad companion of my
 Lonely hour ; come, with thy soothing charms,
 Sweet melancholy, come !
 Direct my steps through yonder grove of yews
 Dark shade. There, pensive, let me muse
 On folly's painted smiles.
 Ye midnight horrors, hail !
 I'll range among those mould'ring caverns
 Damp, or on a new-made grave,
 Confociate with the dead,
 Whilst visionary shades,
 The pale inhabitants of night,
 Attend, in awful pomp.

VOL. II.

F

Now

98 LITERARY AMUSEMENTS.

Now night's foul bird screams through
 Yon shattered spire, by howling winds,
 Long since a shapeless ruin,
 Here let my solitary thoughts explore
 This folly-fettered world ;
 Here tell how idle are its hopes and fears,
 Its vain delights, its fruitless toils.
 Ye empty names of joy !
 Ye faithless idols of an hour !
 Can ye avert, or soothe
 The certain hour of death ?
 Ah ! no.

'Tis blest religion, with her angel's face,
 That clears alone the mist of error,
 Whence our follies spring.

'Tis hers to raise the trembling heart,
 To soften, to a cherub's radiant form,
 The king of terror's grisly shade.
 Thy balmy influence can heal,
 When shuddering guilt assails the soul ;
 Thy voice can raise the languid head
 In sins and sorrows sunk,
 And weep away the precious drops
 That flow from sacred penitence.

By thee, the soul aspires
 Beyond the range of this " dim spot ;"
 Unmov'd, she views her destin'd change ;
 Nor racks, nor tortures move,
 Her faith intrepid. Sublim'd by thee,
 How vain appears this range of low desires !

Oh,

Oh, whilst I wander thro' this vale of wee,
Direct my trembling steps,
My erring senses teach,
Whilst dead to pleasure's idle joys,
I raise my soul to God!

E S S A Y

O N

I N D O L E N C E,

A N D T H E

IMPROVEMENT of our TIME.

WE generally lament the shortness of life, whilst we are blaming the tediousness of every portion of it. This contradiction may be accounted for, if we consider, that as time, un-employed, drags heavily along, an idle person, for this reason, must complain of tiresome days: and as duration is marked only by a succession of ideas,

ideas, his life must appear shortest, who has fewest actions to recollect.

It is justly observed by an excellent moralist,* that “indolence is a stream which flows slowly on, but undermines the foundation of every virtue. A vice of a more lively nature were a more desirable tyrant than this rust of the mind, which gives a tincture of its nature to every action of one’s life. It were as little dangerous to be tossed in a storm, as to lie thus perpetually becalmed; and it is to no purpose to have the seeds of a thousand good qualities, if we want the vigour and resolution necessary for exerting them. Death brings all things back to an equality: and this image of it, this slumber of the mind, leaves no difference between the

* Mr. Addison.

greatest genius, and the meanest understanding."

Let us then, as rational creatures, contrive so to employ ourselves in a series of rational actions, which by marking every period of our lives we may enjoy this great and happy advantage, that the present moment shall glide imperceptibly away, and our past age appear so long upon summing up, that we may not murmur at the shortness of this life.

The tediousness of the present hour has been often considered as a proof of the soul's immortality; for we seem to be continually pushing forward to some point of time, which, when arrived, falls infinitely short of the expectations we had raised upon it. Like children entering on their sports, we imagine pleasures will last for ever; but, alas! like them, we soon grow weary of the painted playthings!

How

How ridiculous is the expression, "Let us do so, or so, to kill time:" forgetting, that we, and our time, must both live and die together. Even disappointments do not discourage us: we still continue to fix our thoughts on some distant period, which, in its end, usually brings the same disappointments with it: and yet we keep going on in our former course, wishing the present hour were past, and looking for the fruition of our wishes, at some distant hour; till the grave, at last opening swallows up all our schemes, shuts out every prospect here, and closes the scene upon all our sublunary hopes for ever.

A P L A N

For the Prevention of future Taxes in carrying on the American War, and a Way pointed out for the bringing it to a speedy Conclusion.

THE many millions of money expended, the many heavy taxes raised upon the people, and the many thousands of lives that have been lost in the prosecution of the American war, together with the ruinous measures that are still pursued for continuing it, are so very alarming, that he who can reflect upon them without feeling a rising indignation for the authors of our calamities, must be as insensible to every motion of humanity and self-preservation, as he is defective in natural affection for his native land.

When

When an individual by a series of imprudences, follies, and vices has brought down destruction on himself, and involved many innocent persons in his ruin, we scruple not to say he is deserving of his punishment; we lament that others are compelled to share it with him; and we wish it could be confined to the offender alone.

If this mode of reasoning is right with respect to private, it follows it cannot be wrong when public delinquents are the objects of resentment;-- delinquents entrusted with the affairs of a whole nation. All those therefore, who opposed from the beginning the unconstitutional attempt of taxing a people who are not represented, have a right to complain of the hardships they feel in being compelled to afford their assistance towards carrying on a war originating, as they conceive, from injustice, and which consequently they ever disapproved.

“ Let those,” they say, “ who devised the measures that brought it on; those who from principles of despotism, ambition, or avarice, have countenanced this impolitic and unnatural contest; let those alone sustain the burthen of it; let them fight their battles themselves; let them furnish from their own purses the hateful means of compassing their diabolical purposes, and not enforce nine tenths of the people to assist with their persons and property a measure they ever abhorred. Let the whole swarm of addressers stand forth, and prove by actions to their sovereign, that they are, what they have told him, ready and willing to support with their lives and fortunes, the justice of that claim his ministers have set up. Let those ministers call forth their herd of contractors, pensioners, placemen, and all their other venal dependants to join in the inglorious work
of

of destroying a people, who are bravely defending their liberties: and then will be seen what yet has not been seen, a fleet and army composed of men united in their impious cause. This mighty Phalanx may do wonders, if properly encouraged: give them but double pay, and they will enslave their fathers. Being slaves themselves, they will deem it meritorious to make slaves of others. Men less hearty in the cause, and feeling for the distresses of their fellow-creatures, might shrink from the horrid work of burning towns, and cutting the throats of an unoffending people.

“Begin then, ye real friends of this devoted country, begin this necessary work; begin to act like yourselves--like Englishmen. Drag from their holds the venal tribe, and, by every exertion that nature and the constitution of your country

try will justify you in, force them to take upon themselves the burdens and perils attending this abominable war. Prove to them, that you have yet left some remains of that spirit of freedom which glowed in the hearts of your forefathers, and that to encounter injustice and oppression, is a virtue not confined to America alone. By pursuing a method so equitable and reasonable, those who ought will be eased of an intolerable burden, the flames of war will be fed alone by those who kindled them, and a pleasing prospect will be opened to the whole band of ministerialists of soon beholding the objects of their vengeance submitting to the yoke of tyranny, and delivering up their liberties on their knees."

As these are the sentiments of every independent man in the kingdom, this last consideration should induce the authors of the
war

war to do that of themselves, which an injured people may be led to compel them to, both as it may be their best security from dangers that may otherwise await them, and furnish them with the means of gratifying the favourite wishes of their hearts.

Come forth then, ye slaves of a despicable ministry; ye who have been accustomed to pace in the trammels of your masters; ye whose eyes have ever been allured with the fascinating baits of corruption; come forth of yourselves, I say, and, by a timely compliance, avoid the mortifying disgraces attending a forced submission. Then will you make some atonement for past transgressions, and, for once, in your lives, discharge a duty you owe to your injured country.

110 LITERARY AMUSEMENTS.

ON

A D M I R A L B Y N G,

Addressed to the

MINISTRY, in 1757,

A P A R O D Y.

'T I S the certain opinion of us the mobile,
(The best of all judges in this famous isle)
That admiral Byng, tho' he did or did not
Do his best to engage, shou'd be instantly shot.
And to prove that we're right, we most clearly
shall shew.

In our reasons distinctions quite subtle and new.
For tho' it was prov'd he discovered no fear,
He is guilty, by G-d, tho' we do not know where.
Thus clearly to us he appears, in this light,
A cowardly dastard, tho' willing to fight:
Or more clear to define it, we can shew in effect,
To be forward to fight, is a curst neglect:
And now he's condemn'd, execution we pray,
Lest his conduct be clear'd, and we fear that it may.

A V L

A V I S I O N.

*In a Letter to a Friend, written at
the Age of Fourteen.*

MY DEAR CAROLINE,

I Remember, when you gave me the pleasure of your company at — in Northamptonshire, you desired me to send you a full and particular account of the beautiful scenes, and alterations, which were made last summer in Lord Cobham's gardens, at Stow.

"Pleased, I obeyed."——Nay, I assure you, I even engaged my friend Constantia, as it was not far distant, to make a little excursion thither on purpose, to gratify your
curiosity,

curiosity, as I knew she was capable, by her refined, and delicate taste for the polite arts, to point out several beauties which otherwise might have escaped the notice of your young friend:——As I intend, by the next post, to give you a most particular description of every grotto, temple, and hermitage, with which these delightful gardens abound, I shall, at present, only acquaint you with an adventure, which, though imaginary, has made no small impression on my mind.

The day we arrived at Stow, proved extremely hot, and we being weary, and faint, with rambling from one scene of rural beauty to another, in those extensive, and beautiful gardens; my friend proposed our spending some hours in a small, retired, but most delightful edifice, which stands on a remarkable eminence: it is called the

the

the Temple of * *Virtue*. The extreme difficulty of gaining this steep ascent, I almost despaired of, till my Constantia, with her persuasive eloquence, overcame all my fears, and encouraged, and assisted me in this arduous undertaking. We at last, after much labour, happily ascended, and entered the temple: the magnificence, and grandeur of which, though in some parts I fear it is decaying, is beyond any description.

In this delightful situation, I had almost insensibly forgot the evening was approaching, till my eyes were cast on the finest sight in nature, "the moon rising in clouded majesty." Though, at the same time, I could not help addressing myself

* An elegant building in the gardens at Stow.

to my friend in the sublime language of Milton,

“ With thee conversing, I forget all time :
 “ All seasons, and all changes please alike.”

As we proposed spending half an hour in a wilderness of flowering shrubs called the Elysian fields, * which is watered by an hundred little rivulets, whose banks are covered with the sweetest flowers ; we set out for the purpose, and easily found our way, being directed by the light of the moon, to that delightful spot.

Imagine us now sitting under a shade of jessamine, and orange-flowers, listening to the distant fall of a cascade, all nature hushed,

* A most beautiful lawn, interspersed with flowers and streams, in the gardens of Stowe.

till

till my Constantia, tuning a lute,
 which she had brought with her,
 began playing one of those heavenly
 airs, which, if one may be allowed
 to say with the admirable author of
 the spectator, are the first delights
 of the departed souls of good men,
 on their admission into paradise.
 My soul melted in sacred raptures.
 I really fancied myself among the
 angels, where, with preamble
 sweet,

“ Of charming symphony, they introduce
 “ Their sacred song, and waken raptures
 “ high.”

These soft strains, together with
 the stillness of the evening, in-
 sensibly inclined me to fall into
 a slumber, in which the powers
 of my fancy were so entirely en-
 gaged for some time, that I can-
 not help giving you an account
 of it.

Whe-

Whether I was conducted by my good, or bad genius, I will not pretend to say, but I found myself in a small wretched vessel, in the midst of the wide ocean; and, to compleat my distress, a most violent storm arose. It is impossible to express my horror. — But, good God! how shall I describe the condition I was in, when the violence of the waves, after having tossed my poor shattered vessel, for some minutes, dashed it to pieces against a rock; whilst another wave, flung me, almost expiring, on the shore of a small island! My spirits, and strength, being almost exhausted, I lay for some time in a most deplorable condition.

When I began to revive, and to recover my senses, the joy on finding myself on dry land, was great: but then the fears and apprehensions, of what dangers I might

might be subject to, was a great alloy to my happiness. To my great astonishment, I saw no living creature. The air of this island seemed peculiarly serene, and charming. Every thing I saw was beautiful, but wild beyond description: several springs of the purest water ran through the meadows, which were covered with violets and hyacinths. I could not resist the curiosity I had to wander a little farther, when at the entrance of a cave, seated under an aged oak, I spied a venerable old man, with a countenance filled with majesty and sweetness. He had a golden harp in his hand, on which he was playing; and with which, like another Orpheus, he charmed the beasts which lay at his feet. I advanced, and spoke to him. He received me in the kindest manner, and when I had acquainted him with my distress, he insisted on my remaining with him,
on

on condition I never attempted to search farther into the island; and that I must resolutely resist all curiosity in desiring to see more of it. He ended his discourse with giving some mysterious hints, how infinitely prejudicial it would be to me to see more of a place I then seemed so delighted with.

Overcome, by his generous behaviour, I engaged myself in a vow never to leave him: and happy should I have been, if I had still remained in this innocent, sweet retreat. But, alas! one fatal day, as I went in search of some beautiful shells on the sea-beach, (being seized with a curiosity I could neither account for, nor resist) I took the opportunity of wandering into an adjacent grove, the extreme beauty of which, as well as an hundred instruments of sweet music, joined with the melody of birds, made the most charming concert I had

had ever heard. I own, upon my entering this bewitching spot, I felt some remorse, for having so very soon forgot the admonitions of my good old friend: but this soon vanished, on the appearance of a very beautiful woman, who, taking my hand with a freedom in her manner that almost disgusted me, led me through an avenue into a grove, in which I saw numbers of young people, of both sexes, vainly, and wantonly dressed, and giving themselves up to the service of a shameful deity, to whom an extreme fine Temple, I saw before me, was dedicated.

As I advanced nearer to this spacious building, an indolence, and languishment seized me, that I could neither retreat, nor advance, till my fair guide, entirely overcame all my little scruples. Her flattering speeches soon effaced all my former severity of virtue, and
banished

banished all that modest diffidence, which is the greatest charm of youth, and preservative of honour.

In short, we entered the temple: but, how great was my astonishment, to see many people of my acquaintance, (and yourself, my Caroline amongst them) giving themselves up to the utmost riot and excess. I spoke to you, but you turned from me, and made it your business to avoid me.

Shocked at the scenes of debauchery I had before my eyes, I turned to my conductress to beg her assistance in making my retreat; but, alas! she had left me, in the midst of these perplexing circumstances, to escape as I could; or, rather, to perish by my own rash folly.

By this time, I was involved in several intricate adventures, and in a perfect labyrinth of misery. I could almost have laid violent hands on my own life to extricate myself

myself out of my perplexities. I shed bitter tears; I cried, O God! deliver me from this shameful weakness!

In the midst of these agonies, a pale, withered hag, seized, and dragged me into another horrid apartment. I knew her to be Remorse, by the snakes which were gnawing her breast. Here was nothing to be heard, but grievous sighs, groans, and lamentations, issuing from miserable wretches tearing their own flesh. I once more invoked that heavenly power who is always near at hand to succour the real penitent.—I made the utmost effort to regain my resolution, and at length so far succeeded, as to force my way to the fatal door I had first entered; when, at the farther end of the grove, I thought I saw the venerable good old man who had

first warned me of my danger.—
 I ran——I flew to meet him, for
 my courage and strength seemed
 to revive every step which carried
 me farther from that detested grove;
 but, alas! his countenance appeared
 so pale, and severe, I thought I
 was deceived in the appearance, the
 nearer I advanced to him. He
 vanished on the sudden from my
 sight.

Whilst I was musing with the
 utmost regret on this illusion, I
 saw, coming towards me, a youth,
 with a noble, majestic air; his looks
 were dauntless, and intrepid: and
 yet there was a greater composure
 and sweetness in his aspect than I
 can express. I immediately saw he
 was Fortitude. He led in one hand,
 a naked boy, whom I knew to be
 Innocence, and in the other, a beau-
 tiful young woman, whose eyes were
 fixed on the ground. She was
 crowned

crowned with roses. This amiable figure was Modesty. They immediately on seeing a virtuous person in distress (for, notwithstanding all my dangers, I had preserved myself from guilt) took me under their protection. With Fortitude, Innocence, and Modesty for my guides what had I to fear?——I found a noble resolution, and serenity revive in my soul.——I could not help repeating some words I had before read:——“Happy are those, who can see the beauty of virtue! Is it possible to see her without loving her? Is it possible to love her without being happy?”

I spoke these words with so much force, and exerted my spirits so much in speaking them, that I immediately awoke; and found myself in the Elysian fields, in the gardens at Stowe, the sun just rising,

rising, and my faithful friend Constan-
tia fast asleep by my side.

I shall not make this letter longer,
by adding an apology for the unmer-
ciful length of it; therefore, at once,

Adieu,

EUDOSIA.

VERSES,

V E R S E S,

E X T E M P O R E.

On seeing a beautiful Boy, of three years old, who, fatigued with his sports, fell asleep, with his Playthings in his Hand.

SWEET babe! who, tir'd of mimic life,
Of gilded coaches, horses, painted cars,
And all the idle farce of empty show,
Careless, sinks down thy head, in slumbers soft,
The little labours of the day all o'er.
Enjoy, dear boy! "thy heavy, honey-dew of sleep,"
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.
O may'st thou, when life's real toil is past,
As guiltless, close thy wearied eyes in peace,
As innocent, smile at the simple world,
Its gilded nothings, and its painted cheats,
Whilst angels waft thee to immortal bliss,

L E T T E R

*From a Lady in the Country to her
Friend in London, describing a pas-
toral courtship.*

MY DEAR LOUISA,

WHILST you are condemned
to spend this sweet month of June in
the smoke, noise, and dust of the
great city, I am rambling in the
meadows among the new-mown hay,

“Where the mower whets his scythe,

“And the milk-maid singeth blythe,”

and listening to the plaintive notes
of Philomel. I am writing this
under an old spreading oak, whilst
my

my senses are regaled with the fragrance of a blooming field of beans, to which all the perfumes of the east might yield a preference.

I am grown a mere rustic; and have a thousand times more pleasure in seeing sheep feed, and beholding the cows milked at the farm near our park, than I ever had in an assembly crowded with beaux and belles.

As you are fond of nature in her native simplicity, I enclose a pastoral love-letter, which I yesterday picked up in a field of haymakers. I flatter myself its natural images, and the strain of simple tenderness, which run through the whole, will give you as much pleasure in the perusal as they gave me.

You will find a feeling heart is not confined to the beau-monde; and that a country clown, when sincerely touched with the tender passion, is

not devoid of sentiment; though, without this soft inspiration, he might often

“ Whistle as he went,

“ For want of thought.”

Indeed I question, Louisa, if even Lord A——, or Sir Thomas B——, or a dozen more of your illustrious admirers, could have expressed themselves more to the purpose, or with more passion and tenderness, than the poor faithful William; who I find is a young shepherd to a neighbouring farmer. Who Phoebe is, to whom the epistle is addressed, I know not; except it be a very pretty young lass, who was making hay in the same field, where I found the letter.——I was particularly pleased with the innocence of her looks, and the neatness of her dress;——her plain round-eared coif, and little straw hat, added much to

to the simplicity of her appearance.

“ Her form was fresher than the morning rose,
 “ When the dew wets its leaves; unstain’d and
 “ pure,
 “ As is the lilly, or the mountain snow,
 “ The modest virtues mingled in her eye;
 “ Thoughtless of beauty, she was beauty’s self.”

No wonder that her enamoured William is so deeply smitten.---I find he has likewise the pangs of absence to sustain, as the flock of sheep, he then tended, had been removed by the cruel orders of his master to the distance of two miles from his Phœbe.---What a calamity! Two miles, in such a tender circumstance, are, at the least, two millions.---In short, a banishment to the Indies, were there no such person as Phœbe, would not have appeared to this forlorn shepherd so miserable an event.---But take his own words.

G 5

Dear,

Dear, and for ever dear, Phœbe.

Blessings on his heart who invented writing! and doubly blessed be the heart of good 'squire Richley who paid for my schooling, and enabled me to describe to my Phœbe the state of my mind in this cruel separation.

After I had parted with you at the stile in the wood on Sunday evening, I heard the sad tidings that my flock was to be driven into the pasture by the elm trees, near south copse---so that I now can never see you but once a week at most; and how to support myself under this greatest of afflictions that could befall your poor William, I cannot say;---but my mind is so disturbed by this unlooked-for misfortune, that, as I am a living man, I am in such a quandary, I know not how to go
about

about my business.---Phœbe, it is nothing in the versal world, this changing the pasture, but a foolish vagary of master's; for every body says the grass was sweeter and better for the sheep, down by the meadow where we used to meet by moon-light, than where now the poor things be drove to. I am sure I thought that spot was heaven when you sat by me on the bank of violets.

All now goes to rack and ruin. I have lost four lambs: and what grieves me more, that poor ewe you nursed, and was so fond of, died this morning---owing, no doubt, to change of pasture.---I have lost my scrip, and I have broke my pipe,---I have lost, indeed every thing.---No, I have still the lock of your dear hair, that you gave me at the wake. I wear it next my heart, and will to the day of my death.

It

It would grieve your heart to see poor old tray, my dog: he misses you's Phœbe; I am sure he does.---He hangs his head---will not eat--- and looks at me, sometimes as sensible as a Christian---as much as to say, "where is Phœbe?"

I count every moment till Sunday, ---but it is an age till then.

O my sweet, can you ever forget that evening (last Midsummer eve) when we strayed to the foot of yonder neighbouring hill, to the little bower I had made of twisted eglantine and honeysuckles?--- Our fond debate then was, which of us had loved longest, and best. Methought the nightingale never sung so sweet as that night, whilst we sat, hand in hand, in our shady retreat.

It does not signify, Phœbe, for us to wait, and wait, till a farm drops:---we had better take the first

first cottage we can hear of.—As for the little bargain at the Five Oaks, which I had set my heart upon—that would just have suited us, as there was a meadow where we could have kept a cow, and two or three sheep:—but, alack-a-day, we have not cash sufficient to raise a larger stock!—you know, Phœbe, I have only ten pounds in the world, and you but five,---and what will that sum together do, to stock a farm?—However, let fortune do its worst, I will buy the wedding ring, when I go to the next market town; and the banns may be asked in the church.---What say you, my love?

You know I have an uncle; he lives in a little bargain of his own in Yorkshire:—troth, I could walk on foot there, though an hundred miles distant, if I thought he would part with any thing in his life time;—but, alas! old folks
see

see not these things in the same light we young ones do:——he perhaps, would not see the heavenly charms I do, in my Phoebe, who, I think, in my poor fancy, far excels in beauty even his honour's fine new-married lady at the great house: *——and yet, blessings on her sweet face, it does one's heart good to see her on a Sunday at church. Not a bit of pride, I'll answer for her. And she sent poor dame Grove half a guinea, when her son James broke his leg.

Well,——but as I was saying, consider, Phoebe, about the banns, and the ring. O, when I see his honour's fine race-horses, I am ready to say, “if I had only half one quarter part, of what goes to support those beasts for pleasure, it

* Meaning, Louisa, my ladyship.

would

would make a poor industrious young couple happy for life!"

Well, I thought I had told you all my mind, but one thing more, I must say, and pray don't take it amiss :---but that nosegay of carnations which in your dear bosom, last Sunday, I saw at church, has given me the greatest trouble. I fear it was the gift of Thomas at the Mill: not that I doubt the faith of my Phœbe---no, my love, I am not jealous---only I don't like he should make his brags, and have it to say, you accept any of his odious favours. You know his arts to your sex, and that poor Molly the dairy-maid at the personage died for love of him.

Do, my Phœbe, send an answer to this. You may send it by one of the children at Hill Farm, who go to school through this very dismal meadow where I am now keeping my sheep.

There

There they will find me stretched
out under the willows, by the side
of the brook, lamenting this cruel
absence.

I have a deal more to say, when
we meet, but cannot commit more
to paper at present, for lack of
time.

Farewell.-- I will have a syllabub
in readiness for you on Sunday
evening, at the old farm, next,
his honour's park.

So no more at present, from
your faithful,

Constant lover,

till death,

WM. DOBBINS.

And

And now, my dear, I will suppose you have read the above artless epistle.——Do you not pity the distress of these poor lovers, whose poverty alone you see keeps them afunder?——But, however, that shall be no longer a bar to their happiness.——I am going this instant to desire my good husband to settle William and his Phoebe in the little bargain, as he calls it, by the Five Oaks, and it shall go hard with me, but I will stock it myself.

As I know the benevolent heart of my Louisa is never so happy, as when assisting the distressed, I give you leave to present these faithful lovers with a few sheep and a cow or two. These, from an heiress of your large fortune, will be better than so many silver flounces to your petticoat.

You possibly imagine my partiality for these young people arises from my vanity having been
flattered

flattered in the compliment William has been pleased to pay my beauty, as he calls it.—No, Louisa; I have examined my heart, and though I know its weakness, and that it has deceived me in a thousand instances, yet, on a strict examination, vanity, for once, has given way to pure compassion.

My intention is, to make the future habitation of these poor young folks a little paradise. The house I shall cause to be fitted up in the neatest manner, the garden I shall myself see planted with a variety of the most beautiful flowers: a little brook, which runs by its side, shall have an arbour on its banks formed of the branches of willows, intermixed with sweet-briar, and woodbines.—Here William may sit by the side of his Phoebe, and listen to the bleating of his lambs, or see his sheep feeding in the adjacent meadow in safety. Phoebe shall have a small poultry-yard, which

which I shall stock with a numerous broods of chickens, ducks, &c.— Ah, my friend, how many ways have we, whom Heaven has blest with affluence, of making others happy! I shall myself often visit this industrious happy pair.

Adieu! Come, my Louisa;—come as soon as possible, and be an eye-witness of happiness in the cottage of William and his Phoebe.— Come, I say, and share supreme delights with, your

AMANDA.

L. E. T.

L E T T E R

From a young Lady in London, to her Friend; with an Account of an Excursion into the Country, ridiculing Masculine Amusements for Ladies.

MY DEAR HONORIA,

YOUR fears that illness had prevented my writing to you sooner, were but too true.——I have had a lingering low fever, which has rendered me wholly incapable of making use of my pen for several weeks. This fever I entirely attribute to the violent exercise my three fox-hunting, masculine cousins, the miss *Reynards*,
at

at Reynard-Hall, in the county of Northumberland, have been the occasion of, by the over-fatigue I was obliged to suffer, during my late visit in their family; of which visit you desire an account. You know me too well, my friend, to make it necessary to say, that I am not so fine a lady as to give myself airs of hating the country; or that I scream at a frog, or fancy myself too delicate to bear the motion of a horse;—on the contrary, you know I am fond of the country to excess, provided I can enjoy its pleasures in peace, and quietness;—that I am quite an enthusiast, when I speak of the beauties of woods, rocks, and valleys; you likewise know I am so fond of sheep, that I have had some thoughts of turning shepherdess.—I mention all this, lest you should imagine three years residence in Grosvenor Square has entirely obliterated

obliterated my fondness for rural scenes. And that you may not look upon me in the light of so fine a lady as not to be able to stir without a coach, or chair, I look on exercise as the chief and only preservative of health; and am never so happy as when I am walking, or riding; but then, as Dr. Young says, I cannot with

* Lady *Betty* leap a five barr'd gate;”

my pleasures must be tranquil, composed, and equal; and perfectly inconsistent with the noise, tumult, and riot, I heard from morning till night, in the *Reynard* family.

The elegant authoress * of the following lines, speaks my sense in this matter.

* Miss Carter.

“To

" To temper'd wiſhes, juſt deſires,
 " Is happineſs confin'd,
 " And deaf to folly's call attends,
 " The muſic of the mind.

But, methinks, I hear my Honoria beg me to ceaſe my moral reflections, and to give her an account of my journey to Reynard-Hall.

Well, then :——Sir Thomas Reynard, the fox-hunting baronet, who inhabits that ancient manſion, is, as I believe you know, my uncle, by my mother's ſide. My poor aunt, lady Reynard, it is well known, was fairly *walked* to death, by the hale knight her huſband, who values himſelf, next to his money, on being the ſtrongeſt man in England, and at having been at the death of more foxes than
 any

any man living. My aunt, who was of a delicate constitution, could not ride after a fox-chace, nor walk ten miles before breakfast, which she was continually teased to do, because exercise is good for health. She died a martyr to her husband's caprice; and left three daughters, and a son, a fine youth of sixteen, who, the year following, being forced by Sir Thomas to mount one of his vicious hunters, and to attend the chace, broke his neck, in attempting to leap a fix barred gate.

This grievous misfortune, though sincerely lamented by my uncle, did not abate in the least his fondness for the field; on the contrary, the foxes, that winter, led a most wearisome life, as it was only from exercise, the knight said, he could receive consolation.

—Indeed, I believe him in this respect; for, as to submission, and
resignation

resignation to the will of the Almighty under calamities, he is just as ignorant as a wild American savage in a cave.

As to my three female cousins, who were all some years older than poor Tom, they were trained to the saddle from mere children. The eldest---but you will find their characters in the course of my story; ---I will, therefore, proceed with informing you, that my uncle sent me an invitation, by letter, in which he insisted on my leaving the noisy, wicked town (for so he always calls London) to enjoy for a few months the pleasures of the country, in peace and quietness, at Reynard-Hall.

Accordingly I set out; and at the close of the third day, in October (alas! I did not consider it was the hunting season) I arrived in safety, after a journey of near two hundred miles.

I was much pleased with the ancient magnificence of the house, and with the old rookery by its side; but I am not a little hurt in seeing an incredible number of foxes tails, ears, and slit noses, nailed up on every gate in the court yard. ---Heavens! thought I, what a slaughter must have been made of these poor animals, to furnish so many trophies!

I now alighted; but found, to my sorrow, it had been hunting day; that there had been a wonderful long chase, and that the hunt were all then at dinner in the great hall, though past six o'clock in the evening.

I desired to be shewn into a parlour, but, unfortunately for me, the servant ushered me by the door of the hall, after having announced my arrival.

As I was passing the entry, I heard most violent bursts of laughter,

ter, accompanied with a number of voices at once:-- Some were swearing, some hallooing, and others breaking glasses. Bedlam broke loose, or the confusion of the Tower of Babel, were silence to the general uproar. Above all, I heard my uncle's voice.-----"Bring her here ---bring her here," said he. "Honies, you shall have a sight of her.---A fine girl, efaith!"

From the uproar that followed at these words, you would have imagined they had just unkennelled a fox.

On my entering the hall, the dinner had been just removed, and the table covered with bottles and glasses.

I thought I should have sunk. ---O, Honora, do not you pity me?---A young girl of eighteen (for you know I am barely no more) to be introduced into the midst of a room full of drunken

fox-hunters, was too trying to be supported with sufficient fortitude.

I was attempting to retire, when unfortunately my uncle 'spied me, and rising hastily, ran to me, exclaiming, "Ha, my little rogue! are you come at last?—No words, ---I must, and will have a smacking buss."

Three or four drunken 'squires now arse to follow his example, with,

"By your leave, pretty lady."

"I hope we shall see you in the field on Wednesday,"——cried another.

"I'll bett ten to five," said a little jackanapes, who was drest like a groom, with a black bob wig, and a short flannel waistcoat; though I understood afterwards he has upwards of twelve thousand pounds a year;——"I'll lay this handful of gold, to another of silver, this little slim girl will follow the hounds

hounds better than any woman in the four counties."

I could hear no more, but, violently struggling, broke away from his rude grasp, and made my escape into a long passage, which at length brought me into the drawing room.

Here I found my cousins;---their appearance, bold, masculine, and forbidding to the last degree.

I related the misfortune of my being conducted by the servant into a room full of gentleman (which by the bye, was owing to my cousins ignorance of even common politeness in not giving proper orders) but, instead of apologizing for the servant's blunder, they all set up a loud laugh---with, "and pray cousin what did that argufye? --- The gentlemen would not eat you, I suppose."

They continued their laugh, at so excellent a joke, as they called it; and presently the two youngest,

after attentively viewing me, fell into a whisper, in which I could plainly hear,—"London airs!—fine lady!—pale faced thing!"—When I, in my turn, stared at them with some degree of contempt.

The eldest, turned of thirty, has the weather-beaten countenance, masculine air, and voice of a whipper-in to a pack of fox-hounds. She has followed the chase these twenty years.—The two younger, nearly of the same age with each other, are as their elder sister, in their persons, coarse to the last degree; but are called by their brother fox-hunters, jolly girls, frank-hearted, merry, honest souls, that will give and take a good joke.

After we had done tea, my uncle reeled into the room, with two of his companions, exceedingly disguised in liquor. They insisted (on hearing I could sing) that I should enter—

entertain them with the last new hunting song—or with The Early Horn. On my declaring I knew neither, they were astonished. Sir Thomas then said to my youngest cousin, “Come, Doll, do you strike up with, Hark away to the chase, my brave boys:” which she instantly did, with a voice loud enough to crack the drum of one’s ear. She finished her song with the view Holloa, in which she was joined by all the company, except myself, who, tired to death, desired I might withdraw to my apartment.

“Not you, indeed,” said my joyous uncle; “faith, we will make a night of it, now you are come: here, bring in the bottles and glasses.”

He then took me on his knee, and the liquor having changed its manner of operation, he suddenly grew wonderfully sad, and de-

clared, with tears in his eyes, that I was the very image of his poor dear wife, on her wedding day."

The company from the other room now began to stagger in, being all in a state of stupefaction. Clouds of tobacco now filled the room; and whilst the chief part of these human brutes were dozing over their pipes, a small knot of them fell into a dissertation on the difficulty of beating thick covers, of a new invention of the quail-pipe, and on the true art of snipe shooting.

As the debate grew warm, I made my escape as soon as I possibly could, and my cousins attended me to my apartment, where they told me, they thought me very shy, and squeamish, to quit so much charming company so soon.

When they departed, I double-locked and bolted my door, and soon fell into a profound sleep; which,

which, however, was as soon interrupted by the riot, occasioned by the departure of some of the guests; for the chief part of them were carried to bed, in too shameful a state for description. Heavens! said I, is this that peace and order, which I might have expected at the feat of my honourable grandfather, Sir Jasper Reynard? — Can his mistaken son imagine, that riot is hospitality? — and making his neighbours drunk, a proof of his benevolence?

Full of these reflections, I passed a sleepless night; but luckily the next day was Sunday, which appeared a day of respite, for the hounds, the horses, and myself; for at breakfast, my uncle assured me he should take me out in the field the next morning, adding, that I should ride his favourite mare, old Slouch, whose dam was

White Legs, whose great grandam, was Winifred, whose great, great grandam, was Spider-catcher.

I interrupted the pedigree of the mare, by saying, I cared not who was her grandam, provided she carried me safely. They all assured me I had nothing to fear, that there would be excellent sport, and that all the country would be in the field; for that a bag-fox was to be turned out.

My uncle slept the chief part of Sunday in his chair, and I saw but little of my masculine cousins the whole day, as Gertrude, the eldest, was the greatest part of the afternoon in the stud, seeing her bay filly dressed, and Dolly I saw, from my windows, visited often the dog-kennel, under pretence of looking at a lame hound; but I fancy time will discover, that she had a less charitable motive than what she

she assigned for her visits, as my wife uncle, I fear, will soon find to his sorrow.

Monday morning at length arrived, when, by four o'clock, before day-break, I was awakened by the tormenting sounds of the yelping of dogs, the cracking of whips, the sounding of horns, and the trampling of horses, as my windows, unfortunately, were over the great court-yard, where all the hunters were to meet.

By five o'clock my three cousins entered the room, drest for the chase, each of them with short boots, and a long hunting whip: they came to my bedside, joining in chorus,

“ The sweet rosy morning peeps over the

“ hills,

“ With blushes adorning, the meadows and

“ fields,”

I was now dragged out of my bed; and called a lazy hussy.— Whilst I was dressing, in a very ill humour, cold, yawning, and comfortless, by a blinking candle they had brought (for it was not yet day) I could not help asking Diana, my second cousin, “If this was pleasure?”

“Undoubtedly,” she answered, “the greatest in the world.”

After we had fauntered about two hours, waiting till a violent fog was dispersed, we were summoned into the great hall to breakfast; where were assembled no less than twenty gentlemen. They were just sitting down to a long table, covered with cold hams, venison pasties, and furloins of beef, &c. I begged hard for a dish of tea or chocolate, but was told by my uncle, that when I was at Rome, I must do as they do at Rome,
and

and that a slice of the roast beef of Old England, would be better for me than all the fops in the world.

A long debate now ensued among the worthy personages present, about the weather.—Some expressed their fears it would not prove a good scenting morning;—others, that the wind was just changed. It appeared a serious affair, and of the utmost importance to every one. At length, after an hundred different opinions, and as often going out to view the weather, and loitering about another hour, in that kind of sauntering, and suspense, which is of all things the most disagreeable, at last we sallied forth, in the most uncomfortable, misty morning I ever beheld.—My uncle,—but I am this moment called away from my pen, which I fancy you will not be sorry for; as it will give you some respite, after the unconscionable length of this letter.

ter. By the next post, I will give you a farther account of the hunting match, and of the conclusion of my visit at Reynard Hall:—in the mean time, believe me most

Sincerely yours,

HARRIET.

LETTER

L E T T E R

[IN CONTINUATION.]

From the Same, to the Same.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Concluded my last letter with an account of our fallying forth at Reynard Hall, for the chace.—Imagine me just mounted on my uncle's favourite mare, Old Slouch, in the midst of hounds, 'squires, and a number of attendants.—We proceeded to a dreary, black kind of heath, without a tree to shelter

us from a shower, which soon after fell, heavy enough to wet us to the skin.—This did not at all damp the ardour of the sportsmen, who were now all soon out of sight, with my three robust cousins, who, I should have told you before, were mounted astride, on the fleetest hunters.*—I was, in short, fairly flung out; being determined not to quicken my pace, which was only that of a very gentle hand-gallop, and to return home quietly without giving myself any farther trouble.—I, however, got upon a small hillock, whence I saw the hounds running, and heard them in full cry; while a great

* This mode of riding for the ladies is a certain fact: in Spain they all ride so. To prevent the oddness of the appearance of a lady in that situation, a kind of petticoat is fastened on to the left side of the saddle.

number of horse-men were flying over hedge and ditch in close pursuit of the game.

Heavens! exclaimed I, is all this on account of a poor little animal, who is so much unequal to its pursuers?—How loth would these people be to undertake such a fatigue, attended as this is, with such imminent hazard of their lives, on any other occasion?

“But, call it pleasure, and the pill goes down.”

Would they endanger their necks in this mad fashion, to serve a poor neighbour in distress? Ah, no—I fear not.—

Whilst I was in the midst of these reflections, an honest country farmer walked up the hill, where I was, lamenting he had just lamed a pretty filly (a fine colt he led in his hand) in attempting to follow the chase, and that he now thought
his —

his best way would be to go home and mind his business.—

As he was going the same road, I desired him to conduct me to Reynard Hall. On our way thither, which was only a mile, he told me what a deal of mischief this kind of sport did to his hedges and fences. “Not to mention,” added he, “that every idle young fellow in the neighbourhood, on these days, will never strike one stroke of work.—But if they can but borrow a horse at any rate, they leave their business, and away, forthwith, after the hounds!—So there is a day lost.”

I could not help smiling at this good man censuring others, for what he was equally blameable himself: but, thought I, this is human nature.

I told him, I supposed he, as well as every other farmer, had ample reparation made for the trespasses.

trespasses committed in breaking hedges, and trampling over corn.

“Not always, madam,” said the man; “but mum for that.”

We now met three spruce-looking farmers, full speed, who called out to us, “where is she?—where is she?—which way is the wind?”

In any other circumstance one would have imagined these people to be absolutely mad.

They then stopped upon a rising ground, where they stood hallooing and hooting to two or three yelping curs, they had with them, without any effect.

“See, madam,” said my conductor, “if what I told you be not true. ---Those young farmers have enough to do at home, without running after the hounds.”

Ah, friend, thought I, your disappointment makes you wise too late :---you would never have had these

these fine reflections, if you had not lamed your horse.

By this time we were arrived at Reynard Hall; when the farmer took a civil leave, and led off his poor limping nag, after having told me how glad his dame would be to treat me with a syllabub warm from the cow, if I would take a walk to Chalk-Pit Farm. "For," added he, "you must be desperate dull here, when the ladies are riding about the country after the foxes."

As I found I had caught a violent cold with riding in the rain, and had a very bad head-ach, I immediately went into bed.

My cousins, with their posse, did not return till six in the evening. The ladies, as soon as they arrived, ran up to my apartment, to tell me they were ashamed of my behaviour in sneaking out of the field in the manner I had done.—I pleaded a bad

a bad head-ach, but that availed me little.

They informed me, there never was such fine sport; that they had rode above fifty miles, had leaped twenty hedges and ditches, and as many five barred gates; that they had killed two foxes, one of which had forded a large river, and at last was found in an old woman's garden, in the next county :——that, in short, there never was so charming and clever a chace.

I observed they were all dripping wet.

“ I am glad,” said I, notwithstanding it has been so bad a day, that you have been so well entertained. -----But, pray, Diana, what have you done with the sleeve of your ridingdress? And you, Dolly, seem to have lost part of your petticoat.”

They were a little confounded; but, at last confessed the truth,
that

that in leaping a hedge, it was no uncommon accident to leave a small part of a garment behind, as a clean leap, was not always the case.

"A tattered petticoat," said Dolly, "we mind not on these occasions."
 "I cannot say my mare, Miss Slammerkin," said Gertrude, "behaved over-well this day, for she gave me a cursed fall over a six-barred gate."

They were now summoned to dinner, at the late hour of almost seven in the evening, in the great hall, where all the hunt were assembled. I was luckily in bed, therefore escaped the misery of being witness to so much riot, drunkenness, and disorder, which I heard continued till past midnight.

I was the next morning severely reprimanded by my uncle, for shewing, as he called it, my fine ladies
 airs.

airs.---In short, nothing could be more disagreeable than my situation.---- If I attempted to amuse my mind for half an hour with reading, my book was snatched out of my hand, with the rude assertion, that I was always poring in a book.----- If I stole out to walk in the wilderness adjoining the garden, for a mouthful of fresh air, then they were convinced, forthwith, I was in love, by chusing to walk alone.----To be brief, I found it would be impossible to spend the winter there, as my health was already hurt by the irregularity of the hours, so extremely different from those of my good aunt in Grosvenor Square: I therefore wrote to her, begging she would write to hasten my departure, as soon as possible, which she kindly did :---and to my great joy I was permitted, in a month's time, to return to London.---

Permitted,

Permitted, I repeat, by my uncle; who, when he found I was determined to go, was as obstinate in his invitation that I should stay.---- My cousins gave me up for a London affected thing.----I was pretty even with them, in my opinion, as I looked upon them as so many rough country hoidens; and what the consequence of their education will be, is easily to be guessed. Gertrude, some years ago, I find, refused a very good offer of marriage from a neighbouring gentleman of merit and fortune, "because," she said, "he was a milk-fop."

Short as my stay was at Reynard Hall, I, however, on being dragged out on horseback, often with violent colds, and being made to ride in wind and rain, because "it was good to brace my nerves," contracted a low fever; notwithstanding which, lest it should have increased, I set out for London, ill as I was:--You know

know I have been since dangerously so. You will think it extraordinary, perhaps, that I should retire to London for peace and quietness, and to regular hours, in the very centre of gaiety and politeness; as any one might imagine that in an abode two hundred miles from the capital, I should have met, at least with rural quiet, and domestic ease, joined with innocence and simplicity of manners; but, alas! I found it to my sorrow, the very reverse.—Come, my amiable friend, to your Harriet;—and help her to regain her former chearfulness, which the late scenes at Reynard Hall have much impaired.—Adieu.

I am,

Most affectionately yours,

HARRIET.

P. S. Since I wrote the above, I have this moment heard, that Diana is eloped with the huntsman ; ---that Reynard Hall is in the utmost confusion on account of this event ; an event I long since prognosticated. My uncle is set out in pursuit of her, over hedge, ditch, and stile, like a madman ; being determined to follow her to Scotland, where it is imagined the fugitives are gone, though the lady is passed the age enjoined by the marriage act.——Sir Thomas, I imagine, like 'squire Western, in Tom Jones, will hunt all the way, while in pursuit of his daughter ; as I am told he has got a pack of dogs with him, and several of the neighbouring 'squires to accompany him on this trying occasion.

On taxing the AMERICANS.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR, 1775.

THE advocates for American taxation, after exhausting every argument in justification of the oppressive measures which administration hath so impolitically and unjustly extended towards our suffering brethren in the new world, seem at last to be convinced that truth and reason, founded on constitutional principles, are too powerful opponents for falshood and sophistry to contend with ; and endeavour now to frighten and cajole us into an approbation of measures which they are sorry to find will not stand the test of a rational enquiry.

They begin to tell us, that the state of our finances is such, that

government can no longer sustain the weight of so enormous a debt as it is burdened with; and that unless some expedient is fallen on to extricate the kingdom from its present difficulties, its credit will be lost, and a general bankruptcy ensue.

To avoid, they say, a calamity so great and so universal, was what enforced the suggestion of taxing the colonies; and whether or not the legislature has a right to tax a people who are not represented, the measures of the ministry, by the law of necessity, if not the law of the land, are frequently justified.

Thus, by justifying the measures by their necessity, and by an artful appeal to the fears of the people, particularly to those who have deposited their money in the funds, the friends of administration hope to accomplish that which they

they have hitherto failed in ; a majority of honest and free voices in their favour.

With as much reason did the robber endeavour to exculpate himself from the charge of any criminal intention, by pleading necessity for what he had done.——“ You know, my lord,” said he to the judge, “ necessity hath no law ; and as it was necessity alone which compelled me to take the prosecutor’s purse, I hope your lordship will be of opinion, that my case rather merits compassion than punishment, and that therefore you will give it in your charge to the jury, that I may be acquitted ;” when the rogue well knew, that the necessity he pleaded originated in his vices, and that they were the true causes of his ruin.

The application is obvious, and the remedy easy : if the debt of the nation is increased (as there

is too much reason to fear it is) beyond what government can bear, let a plan of œconomy and justice be adopted, which the nature of circumstances require. Let the king hear the complaints of his people, and redress their grievances; let the authors of our evils be punished for their delinquency; let Scotch councils and Scotch measures be no longer pursued; let the public money no longer be employed for the scandalous purposes of voting away the just rights and liberties of the people; but let it be used for the end to which it is given, the salutary and long-wanted purpose of good government; let minions, pensioners, and ministerial hirelings be banished the land; let the representatives of the people consult the interest of the community, rather than their own private emolument; let the people chuse none for the important office

office of representation but men of tried fidelity, or such as bid fairest to discharge the trust reposed in them with honour and integrity: let all this be done, and we shall no longer hear of a nation on the brink of ruin, of the necessity of framing and enforcing unconstitutional and oppressive acts; nor, as Voltaire happily expresses it, “of cutting the throats of the Americans, because they are ready and willing to give.”

E S S A Y

ON

COMPLAISANCE.

THERE is a false complaisance, which the timid and modest are very liable to; namely, agreeing to a wrong sentiment, or often to an action they secretly condemn, rather than take the freedom to contradict it; and indulging the folly at their own expence, which they might as easily cure.

Real complaisance is founded on this single, plain rule: "To bear
 " with the frailties of others, and
 " to take great care that our own
 " do not offend." Among strangers
 a strict

a strict adherence to this rule is the first step to recommend us to their favour, and to make them pleased with our acquaintance: and even where there is the strictest friendship, complaisance is not to be entirely laid aside. We often see negligence in this point lead to such freedoms as to give disgust, and are perhaps never forgotten, nor forgiven.

A rude bluntness, in direct opposition to complaisance, is as offensive as a weak compliance with every folly, is ridiculous.—We see this plainly exemplified in the two characters of the unmannerly Bluff, and the gentle Plyant. The former entered a room full of company last night, and walking directly up to a very amiable, mild-tempered young lady, who has long laboured under the misfortune of lameness, asked her rudely, “What, you abroad with a bad leg!—but

there is no confining a woman.—
 You are all alike.—Why, your
 surgeon told me, no longer ago
 than last night, that he has no
 hopes of a cure, for that your
 disorder is the king's evil.—Is
 the wound, or rather ulcer in your
 back healed, since you had an
 issue cut in your arm? Nay," con-
 tinued the brute, "why do you
 blush? Is it not true what I say?
 —answer me.—I am a blunt,
 plain-spoken man, that love to tell
 the truth, faith.—The devil take
 all complaisance, say I: give me
 down right sincerity, and plain-
 dealing."

Stupid wretch! True indeed it
 was, the above poor young lady
 laboured under the greatest of all
 misfortunes; a family disease:—
 but was such a melancholy truth to
 be unnecessarily divulged?

This brute then addressed a
 beautiful married lady, whose hus-
 band

band is unhappily a libertine.

“Never tell me, that lovely red and white, is all your own!—What, is Spanish wool, or vermilion, most used now? what, does your husband get drunk still every night? I hear he has taken an opera girl, and turned off the little Brunette,—I forget her name.”

On perceiving the poor lady ready to sink with confusion, he went on.

“Why, it is true enough:—it is the talk of the whole town.—I am old tell-truth; tell the truth, and shame the devil, is my motto.—How could you marry such a man?—But you may thank yourself for all—he will make you suffer;—remember I tell you truth.”

On thus single principle of telling unnecessary truths, does this brute give offence and pain to
ail

all about him ; and no man will die less lamented, as no man was ever less beloved.

On the contrary, an excess of complaisance is as troublesome and ridiculous, as its opposite behaviour is brutal.

The gentle Mr. Pliant, is a convincing proof of this assertion ; who never, like a certain complaisant gay monarch, of the last century, was never heard to say *no* in his life. This easy disposition has led poor Pliant into a thousand scrapes and difficulties.

——— I have often seen him with his hat under his arm, waiting in the rain, till he has been wet to the skin, in order to hand ladies to their carriage, for whom he has had no particular *tendre*, or indeed any reason so to do, but because as they were the fair sex, to whom he is a professed slave, he thinks this excess of complaisance incumbent

bent on him to shew. He has burnt his fingers an hundred times in filling up a lady's tea-pot, and even carried his foible so far as to maintain, like Jack Lizard in the Guardian, that there is no "heat in fire."

It is a known fact, that poor Pliant, had very near, lately, lost his life, through his excessive degree of complaisance.

He was travelling some miles with a gentleman in a post-chaise, when they were unluckily overturned: his companion was but slightly hurt, but the ever polite Pliant who might have, by throwing himself out of the chaise, escaped unhurt, had he not, by an overstrained civility, omitted the care of his own safety, rather than be guilty, even in such imminent danger, of the least degree of a breach of politeness, or what he calls ill-breeding. He was
taken

taken out of the chaise, with a broken arm, and otherwise much hurt. On being conveyed to a neighbouring inn, a surgeon was immediately sent for, who stood for a full quarter of an hour with his lancet in his hand, before Pliant would permit himself to be bled before his companion, who had only received a slight scratch; and though in the utmost pain and danger, he was all the time exclaiming —“ Upon my word, Sir, I must insist on your being bled first.—I cannot be guilty of so much ill-breeding, as to consent to this operation, whilst you are in want of aid yourself.— You will make me die of shame, if you insist any longer.—Indeed I positively cannot use any means for my own safety, till I see the operation performed on you.”

Had Pliant's companion been an old acquaintance, one might have

have attributed to friendship this extraordinary kindness, and have admired so great an effect of it, as to prefer the safety and welfare of a friend to his own; but in fact, the sacred tie of friendship was entirely out of the question; for this over complaisant gentleman had never seen his fellow-traveller till half an hour before the accident happened, and it was by the mereft chance they were both in the same carriage. His great civility had, however, nearly cost him his life, as by delaying to have help, whilst he was spending his time in fine speeches and compliments, a fever came on which brought him to the brink of the grave. I am convinced complaisance will be the last thing upon his death-bed, that will leave this ceremonious man.

Cer-

Certainly, complaisance, or ceremony, should be considered only as the decoration, not the business of life: it is as possible to be too much in love with it, as too little: and those who devote themselves entirely to it, are seldom fit for any thing more than the honours of a ball, or a gentleman usher on a lady's visiting day.

But if complaisance in the wisest and best of us, serves only just to give a gloss to our conduct, what must we call the overflow of it in those who cannot be ranged with either class? Surely, it cannot be deemed any other, than a sort of courtly hypocrisy, an affectation of humanity, that is foreign to the nature of him who assumes it, and of course, a snare to the unwary.

Mr. Richardson, somewhere in his admirable writings, calls this
com-

complaisance, "wicked politeness."

—I fear there is too much truth in his opinion of it; and that among the many fopperies we have imported from a neighbouring nation, this insincere behaviour, which they call politesse, is one of the chief, and most ridiculous.

L E T-

L E T T E R

From a Gentleman, to his Friend,

On T E M P E R A N C E.

DEAR HARRY,

THE report you had heard, that Sir Thomas Gormond has never been well, since the great turtle feast at the hall, is undoubtedly true. I always said he would never get over the last importation of turtles, when the West India fleet arrived. In the midst of that season of shameful luxury, he was bragging to me of twenty seven turtles he had partaken of, in the space of one month.

month.—To me, who never eat of turtle, the jargon of callapash, callapee, and green fat, was unintelligible. He informed me he had been drunk every night for the last month.—On my taking the freedom, some time ago, to declare my abhorrence of so pernicious, stupid, and ruinous a vice, he very fairly told me, my fine doctrine was all in vain; for that he thought, and ever should think, no pleasures in this world, were equal to good eating, and good drinking.

On his leaving the room, I observed a small bit of paper, which he had dropt accidentally; and thinking it might be some tavern bill, picked it up; but found it to be a few memorandums, which this shameful sensualist had thought fit to collect for his own use. I transcribe it for your perusal.

“Mem-

“ Memorandum :——Best oyfter sauce, at the London, best lobster ditto, at the King's Arms.

Mem: To speak to Mrs. Bleumange, for her receipt of lemon pickle.

Mem: In the last turtle, forced meat balls not seasoned enough.——Madeira pricked. Turtle baked in the shell, the true West India method.

Mem: Never dine again at Sir Peter's, the gravy poor, soup insipid, ragouts greasy, mushroom catchup bad.

Mem: To tell my wife, on no account to turn away Mary, the cook, at the hall; as she has the true method of making the old brown Scotch-collops.

Mem: French claret, at the Globe, extremely good, and drinks down.——Thin wines at the Falcon.——To remember pease-pudding on Thursday.”

Un-

Unhappy man! was it for this your worthy father left you a fortune equal to most of our nobility, and a seat, (now the scene of your debaucheries) once the abode of peace and hospitality?

The illness of this unhappy man, occasioned by his intemperance, having reached me, I called on him last night, and found him in the last stage of a galloping consumption:—pale, emaciated, and trembling.—I was greatly shocked.—I found, in the course of my visit, an assertion of Pope, concerning our darling passion continuing with us to the last moment, too plainly exemplified in the miserable object then before me. On having a basin of water-gruel brought him with a grain of too little, or too much salt in it, (I forget which) he flung himself into such a rage, with a voice from weakness, and passion

passion scarcely intelligible, that the bye-standers all believed it would prove fatal. He lamented, as the greatest of misfortunes, that he could no longer eat turtle; and that being confined to such d——d slops, as they set before him, would be the cause of his death.

I hurried home, as fast as I could, shocked at the scene I had just been a spectator of; not without making many serious reflections on the dreadful effects of intemperance.

Few people believe it a vice: our children are trained up in the indulgence of their appetite, for what is called good-eating, as soon as they can be able to distinguish one dish from another. There is not a public school in England, but where a boy may gratify his palate, if he has a shilling in his pocket, by the purchase of many little

little dainties which lead, imperceptibly, in more advanced years, to a habit of luxury.

I am convinced, there is not a single self-denial recommended in temperance, which habit, with nature evidently on its side, may not familiarize, and even turn to pleasure. Is not health itself, on the least reflection, the greatest? Certainly, as to happiness, the intemperate are the farthest from it. Few persons, I presume, ever understood pleasure better than Epicurus, and he placed it in temperance. The interests of the senses are but ill-consulted in a high, rich diet, which dulls them all; the intellects, especially. The evil consequences flowing from intemperance are well known.—From high living we are convinced an accumulation of gross, acrid humours ensue; which at last break out in incurable diseases, that either bring on sudden death,

death, or what is more insupportable than death itself, the miseries of a lingering chronical disease, that bane of every human felicity.

Let us consider, for a moment, the advantages resulting to the poor peasant, from the simplicity of his diet. Is that air of health, breathing in every motion, that strong muscular vigour, that lively freshness of complexion, quite so despicable as not to be worthy the sacrificing the joys of the palate, and depriving it of high sauces, ragouts, and inflammatory liquors?

The fallow hue, the sick look, the weakly habit, seemingly the marks of people of fashion, are, in fact, only the natural consequences of their destructive manner of living; or, rather, not living; for one can hardly call it life to be dragging a wretched being on, from day to day.

Con-

Confining the fashionable term taste to the organs of the palate, it is easy to determine what is right. It is that true taste of nature, which gives to things that are wholesome, the power of purifying the blood; not the acquired one of luxury, that robs those things of that power, and serves only to give them qualities that are pernicious, and that do not belong to them.

From temperance, and plain diet, only, is to be obtained the invaluable blessing health. High feeding naturally breeds bad secretions, and bad secretions are the never-failing cause of the most grievous diseases. I am convinced, that nothing can make good blood, but a plain simple diet, sufficient exercise, and the passions moderated by reason, and kept in due bounds. That every one may be convinced of the truth of this proposition,

and reduce it to practice, is the ardent wish of,

Your sincere friend,

EDWARD MANWARING.

On the Importance of the Colonies to
GREAT BRITAIN.

WRITTEN *in the Year* 1778.

THAT the colonies are lost to this kingdom, there is too much reason to fear. The contrivers and promoters of that unnatural and impolitic war, carried on against them [with such unremitting rancour for more than three years, now stand aghast, and tremble

tremble for the consequences of their temerity. The treaty of alliance entered into by the congress with the court of France, will, in all probability, for ever shut the door against all accommodation with the mother country, though she was no longer to talk of unconditional submission and unlimited power; though she was to relax of her pride, and to make every reasonable concession; though the authors of their wrongs were sacrificed to the resentment of an almost ruined people; and though the true friends of the king and constitution were to be restored to that favour, and confidence, they have unfortunately for this country, for a course of years, been so undeservedly deprived of.

Our fathers could never imagine that a set of men who, by principle, were the declared friends to a popish pretender to the crown,

and, consequently, enemies to the family on the throne, should, under a branch of that family, arrive to so great a degree of authority, as to direct the affairs of the kingdom with a more uncontrouled sway, than can be found recorded in the annals of its history, since the banishment of the bigoted and tyrannical house of Stuart. Our fathers, I say, could have no conception of such a change in the order of things: no, this wonderful event, this solecism in government, this phenomenon in the political world, was left for their sons to behold; to trace the causes that led to so astonishing an absurdity, and to deplore, to the end of time, that it should happen under the reign of the wisest and the best of kings.

Smollet, though a Scot, saw the importance of the colonies, condemns the severity with which they

they had been treated by the mother country, in the late reign, draws a character of the people, and after pointing out the several reasons for encouraging them, closes his account with a prediction of an event, that probably may be at no great distance. I shall give the paragraph in the writer's own words, as I find it in his history of England, Vol. xi. Page 209, &c. where, speaking of the reduction of Cape Breton in the year 1745, he says,

“The natives of New England acquired great glory from the success of this enterprize. Britain, which had in some instances behaved like a stepmother to her own colonies,* was now convinced of

* If Great Britain behaved like a step-mother before the period above-mentioned, what has she behaved like since? Surely, the English language does not afford a relative term sufficiently expressive of the character.

their importance; and treated those as brethren, whom she had too long considered as aliens and rivals. Circumstanced as the nation is, the legislature cannot too tenderly cherish the interests of the British plantations in America. They are inhabited by a brave, hardy, industrious people, animated with an active spirit of commerce; inspired with a noble zeal for liberty and independence.* The trade of Great Britain, clogged with heavy taxes and impositions, has for some time languished in many valuable branches: consequently her greatest resource must be in her communication with her own colonies, which consume her manufactures, and make immense returns in sugar, rum;

* Compare this character of the Americans with that given of them in the upper house, by Lord Sandwich, and let facts determine which of them is right.

tobacco,

tobacco, fish, timber, naval stores, iron, furs, drugs, rice, and indigo. The southern plantations likewise produce silk; and with due encouragement might furnish every thing that would be expected from the most fertile soil and the happiest climate. The continent of North-America, if properly cultivated, will prove an inexhaustible fund of wealth and strength to Great-Britain; and perhaps it may become the last asylum of British liberty, when the nation is enslaved by domestic despotism, or foreign dominion; when her substance is wasted, her spirit broke, and the laws and constitution of England are no more: then those colonies sent off by our fathers, may receive and entertain their sons as hapless exiles and ruined refugees."

Reader, if thou art an Englishman, thou wilt heave a sigh, for

thy injured country, and execrate
the authors of its impending
ruin.

*An ARABIAN Moral Tale, enclosed
in a Letter to a Friend.*

DEAR FRANK,

YOU desired me to send you
what ingenious pieces I could pick
up, which could afford you either
instruction, or amusement. In
good truth, I have not been
able to meet with either, since my
arrival in town. I have been, how-
ever,

ever, employed for some days past in stripping the lining of an old hat box. The author of the Guardian, tells us, he discovered part of a work in the like manner, which he imagined was intended for the press.

As you know the particular attention I pay to every scrap of paper, which is either manuscript, or printed, you will not wonder that, on my accidentally opening the lid of this old box a few days ago, I found its lining, throughout, was an Arabian Tale in manuscript; but so extremely blotted, scrawled, and interlined, that it was with the utmost difficulty I could out make the story. With much pains, however, I accomplished it, and was so much pleased with the moral of it, that I thought it deserved a better fate than to line boxes, or to be destined for the use of chandlers shops.

I have transcribed it fair for your perusal, and as the sentiments are just, hope you will be pleased with it.

Adieu, your's,

J. H.

FATAL CURIOSITY.

An Arabian Tale.

IT was the custom of the Caliphs of Bagdad, often in an evening, to walk about the streets of that great city, in disguise, that they might themselves judge of the manners, and way of life, of their subjects: that those who were detected in vice might be brought

brought to exemplary punishment, and that the industrious poor might be rewarded according as their virtues merited, or sufferings required.

The great Caliph, Harouin Ar-risched, was particularly fond of this custom.——Disguised in the habit of the meanest slave, he was often a spectator of scenes which would never, otherwise, have come to his notice.

In these nocturnal rambles, Harouin constantly saw a merchant sitting at his windows, either singing, laughing, or shewing some other marks of extreme joy and content.

“Certainly (said the Caliph to himself) I have now found, what I have been long in search of, a happy man; as this pleasant creature must have a heart perfectly at ease, by these perpetual tokens he discovers of unfeigned content.”

The

The good Caliph imparted this surprising character he had discovered to his chief favourite Giafer, who was also his Prime Vizier, and who alone was privy to his master's nightly rambles.

"I can now (said Harouin) disprove the assertion that you, Giafer, have always maintained, that every man is miserable in some degree or other. You shall this evening attend me, and be an eye witness of the extreme felicity of this happy merchant."

When night arrived, the Sultan and his Prime Vizier went disguised, privately to the windows of this joyous man, whom they saw in repeated bursts of laughter; and, in the highest spirits imaginable, entertaining his company.

"Well," said the Sultan, "are you now convinced?"

Giafer acknowledged, after several other evening's observation of this mer-

merchant, that he had at length discovered a happy man. He enquired of the neighbours who, and what he was; and if he was a single, or a married man.—He learnt he was a diamond merchant possessed of great riches, with a very fair character; that he did many good works; that his doors were always open to the poor; that he was an un-married man; that he always testified such an extreme joy, and had such a constant flow of spirits, that he went in the neighbourhood by the name of the happy merchant of Bagdad.

“ I must be acquainted with this man,” said the Caliph, to Giafer, “ bring him to me to-morrow into my closet. I should be glad to know the history of a man who possesses such an amazing fund of chearfulness.”

Giafer, the next day, obeyed his master's orders, and Cogia Hassan
(which

(which was the name of the happy merchant) was accordingly introduced to the grand Sultan's private audience; who having welcomed him with affability acquainted him that he had heard so extraordinary a character of his chearful disposition, and uncommon flow of joy on all occasions, that he desired to be acquainted with a life, which must have been marked with an un-interrupted series of happiness to occasion so constant a disposition to mirth.

The merchant kneeling, thrice kissed the foot of the Sultan, in token of obedience; and thus addressed himself to the great monarch in the following words:

“ Commander of the faithful, I will obey your orders: but your majesty is mis-informed with regard to my happiness, as I am, without exception, the most wretched of Human Beings. My misery is of
so

so peculiar a degree, that it can admit of not one moment's relief; —my unhappiness is extreme, my torments can admit of no cure: I pine in the midst of affluence; surrounded with the delights which usually attend a splendid fortune, I sigh without ceasing: I would exchange situations with the meanest, with the most sordid beggar at my gates: —Alas! the wretched Cogia Hassan is doomed, in this world, to perpetual misery: —to all the horrors of hopeless desire. —It is true, I dress my face in smiles, —I try to cheat those sorrows, which are ever gnawing at my heart, by outward expressions of mirth, and an affectation of merriment: —but do not, most dread sovereign, imagine that guilt, or a crime of a capital kind, is the source from whence these sorrows spring; for I am an innocent, though a most miserable Being.” —

The

The Caliph was astonished.—
 Giafer smiled, and said to himself, “ I thought indeed my old assertion, of the impossibility of perfect content in this uncertain state of things, would hold good to the last.”

Cogia Hassan continued his discourse in the following manner :

“ My father was a very respectable merchant, universally esteemed for his fair dealings. He gained a very large fortune by trading to Golconda, to Visapour, and to the island of Ceylon, for diamonds :
 —besides which treasure, he had amassed an amazing number of beautiful gems, and precious stones. I was his only child, and as I was to be the heir of all this wealth, I had an education bestowed upon me, befitting a person of much higher rank. My father doated on me, and, to say truth, I returned all his affection by the strictest
 obe-

obedience, and unwearied assiduity, to oblige so tender a parent.

“When I arrived at the age of twenty-one, I was made an equal partner in my father’s merchandize.

“About that time, he one day said to me, Hassan, I am going for some days to my country house: to amuse yourself in my absence, I should be glad if you would spend a few hours in the apartment I call the painted chamber, which is the repository for the most beautiful gems and precious stones: I would have you arrange the emeralds, amethysts, the sapphires, and several brilliant diamonds you will find there, in the most exact order.—Select those you think most beautiful, as I shall soon present them to our most gracious Sultan.”

Harouin seemed sensible of this compliment, and with a smile bade him proceed.

“You

"You will find, continued my father, these wonderfully fine gems in a small ebony cabinet, inlaid with mother of pearl; and you will find six drawers filled with the precious stones I have been mentioning.—There is, continued he, after a short pause, a seventh, a secret drawer, in the center of the cabinet, to which is tied a small chain and key:—but, my dear Hassan, I must insist on your not attempting to open that drawer, on pain of my displeasure:—the contents of it may be fatal.

"My father was to depart in the morning to his country seat. I passed a sleepless night, lost in astonishment at the prohibition I had received not to open the secret drawer in the ebony cabinet.—My father's words, "The contents of it, may be fatal," rung in my ears.—How can it be fatal? said I.—My curiosity was inflamed and raised

raised to the highest pitch.---After a thousand conjectures, what could occasion this prohibition, the morning at length arrived; but, happy alas! it had been for the wretched Hassan, if he had not lived to see it.

“The instant my father was set out for the country, I ran to the painted chamber, and the first object I saw was the ebony cabinet. I opened the doors of it with an impatience I had never before experienced, and found, as my father, had told me, six drawers filled with the most inestimable, and most beautiful gems of the East.--But, alas! nothing attracted my sight so much as the little gold key and chain I saw fixed to the secret drawer in the center of the cabinet. I stood for some moments lost in astonishment.-----What detriment, what harm can ensue, said I, from just opening this drawer?-----One view

of

of its contents would satisfy me. ---But did not my father forbid me so to do?---And yet, as many words are often dropped without any particular meaning, those that fell from him were most probably no other, and therefore amount to nothing.---Well then, continued I, what restrains me, but that I take just one glympse of this treasure, whatever it be?---In an evil minute I snatched the gold key, and applied it to the lock, though a tremor seized me at the time, for which I could not account. Every attempt I made to open the drawer proved ineffectual.---It seemed, indeed, as if the contents were to be fatal to my repose, by the difficulties which opposed my purpose. At last I discovered three small bolts.---Surely, said I, this must indeed be some inestimable treasure to be thus guarded!----- These difficulties only still more stimulated my curiosity.

“ At

“ At length, after various efforts, I forced the bolts, and opened the secret drawer; but my wonder was great, to see nothing in it, but an old small ivory box.

“ What ! said I in amaze, all this care to guard this trifle? --- What could my father mean, by so unaccountable a prohibition? --- Haply, continued I, starting back, some subtle poison of the East, some Indian drug, whose very smell is fatal, is contained in this ill-looking box, for which I would not give one single * Shakee. But, surely, barely the sight of its contents cannot convey any poisonous influence? --- Whatever be the consequence, after all my pains, I will run the hazard. --- Saying which, I instantly seized the box,

* A small piece of Turkish money, of the lowest kind in value,

and

and opened its lid ; but, ah ! nothing could equal my astonishment, to behold enclosed a miniature picture of the most beautiful woman that ever nature or imagination formed. Never were eyes so animated !——Never were features or complexion so ravishingly lovely ! No, not even the * Houris, who are to be the reward of the faithful in the gardens of paradise, could equal this enchanting beauty.——I gazed with inexpressible delight——with a rapture I had never before experienced.

“ It must be here observed, I was a stranger to the force of female charms. My heart, though capable of the softest impressions, had never yet been touched with

* The name of those beautiful virgins which Mahomet asserts, will make part of his paradise for good Musselmans.

the powerful eye of beauty, but had hitherto maintained the most perfect indifference for the whole sex. In a moment I was seized with the most violent passion for the lovely creature, whom this enchanting picture represented. —

I saw no name, however, which could guide me to lead for whom it was intended. — I observed a few characters under it, which I did not understand, but which I hoped (as lovers believe all things possible) would be very easily discovered.

“ In a transport of admiration, not to be expressed, I took this exquisitely beautiful picture from the box, and placed it in my bosom. After leaving the secret drawer securely locked, and shutting fast the doors of the ebony cabinet, I retired to my own apartment, where I staid the remainder of the day, gazing,

gazing, with unspeakable delight, on the ravishing beauty of this inimitable object.—I talked to it--- I pressed it to my heart with the warmest rapture of enthusiastic passion.

“ Several days I spent in this delirium of extatic love, and, at length experienced all the fantastic effects of hopeless love.---A deep melancholy seized me; which, joined to my loss of sleep, and neglect of food, brought on a low and languishing disease.

“ In twelve days my father returned, astonished to find so amazing a change, and grieved beyond expression at my illness, which increased daily. Physicians were called to my aid; but, alas! all assistance was vain! My fond parent never left my bed side, but administered every medicine with his own hands: he bathed his aged cheek

cheek with my tears, whilst I reclined my head on his assisted bosom.

“ My beloved Hassan, said he, what can I do for thee? The physicians inform me thy malady is in thy mind. --Say, is it in the power of wealth to give thee ease? if so, take all my outward worth. What is thy grief? --- What is the source of thy wasting affliction? to whom but to thy tender parent, shouldest thou disclose this secret anguish which preys on thy health and strength?--- Make me, my dear son, the confidant of thy sorrows, or my grey hairs will soon be brought with grief, to the silent tomb.

“ These affecting assurances of my father's tenderness cut me to the heart; but they could not assuage that secret and violent passion which preyed on my soul. Alas! little did my doating parent know the

cause of my pains, or that I had so rashly disobeyed his orders, in exploring the contents of the prohibited drawer in the ebony cabinet! My greatest care was to conceal the fatal lovely picture; in which I succeeded so well, that not one of my attendants discovered it.

“ In fine, I languished some moons on a sick bed; when I at last formed a sudden resolution, that I would desire permission of my father to try the effect of a different air and climate, though, in reality, my scheme was to search the world over, to find the abode of the enchanting beauty, whose amazing charms had brought me into so deplorable a condition.

“ I imparted my wish of travelling to my father on the score of health. He was overjoyed at the least prospect of my getting better, and believed, as did my physicians,

ficians, it would have the most salutary effect. The very idea that it might be possible for me to possess the object of my soul's only wishes, gave me soon spirits enough to quit my bed, and, in a few weeks, a day was fixed for my departure.

"Of all the friends who visited me in my illness a certain young merchant, of my own age and sentiments, was chiefly in my esteem. His name was Helim. A few days before I left Bagdat, this kind friend begged he might attend me in my travels.

"As I had long experienced his fidelity, and on the promise of the most inviolable secrecy on his side, I thought in return for his most generous offer of attending me, I could do no less than acquaint him with the real motive of my intention to travel. I opened my heart

to him, therefore, and informed him of my violent and singular passion, and firm determination of discovering the beautiful object which had occasioned it.

“He heard me with humanity and patience, but with great astonishment.

“I will attend you, he said, to the world’s end; but you must give me leave to say, I think your passion mere madness and folly.--- How know you but this portrait may be that of some lady already married?”

“Ah name it not, I exclaimed, unless you would drive me quite distracted!

“Helim begged to see the picture; but that I would not permit, lest he should grow as much enamoured with it as myself.

“My father was pleased that I had so worthy and sensible a companion

panion to accompany me, and soon after appointed a day for our departure; and when it arrived, my dear father pressed me to his heart with an energy no language can describe. It was the last embrace of that fond parent, whose loss I can never sufficiently deplore.

“On our first day’s journey, I communicated to my faithful Helim my intention to visit first an ancient sage, who lived at the foot of Mount Caucausus. He was called the old man of the mountain. From his profound knowledge, I doubted not to be informed, who was the beautiful object of my unhappy passion, and where I might find her.

“On the fourth day of our travels, as if our great prophet was not inclined to favour my pursuit, we were set upon by a cruel set of Arabs, who having robbed our mules, and murdered our slaves,

cast Helim and myself into a rapid river. Luckily we could both swim with great skill, and, accordingly, we gained a small island, surrounded by that river, in whose waters, it was judged, we might as well have perished, as we found the island was inhabited by nothing but wild beasts. We climbed the branches of some lofty trees, where we remained two days; and should absolutely have perished with hunger, but for a kind of wild figs, which grew at the foot of the tree. However, this kind of food was by no means sufficient to support nature, in the languishing state of health in which I still remained.

“On the third day, Helim, said I, I faint for lack of nourishment---let us both descend.

“No, replied that dear, and ever to be lamented friend, stay here, my Hassan—I alone will go, and search the neighbouring thickets for some cooling

cooling fruits, to allay thy thirst. I doubt not to bring thee grapes, or berries, that will afford thee sufficient nourishment.

“You shall not go, said I. But, alas! vain were my weak efforts to detain this generous friend, who thus nobly risked his life in my defence.

Night came, but no Helim arrived;---my agonies for his safety were inexpressible.---Morning came but it came only to increase my horrors.---I saw now by his absence he must inevitably have been the prey of wild beasts.

“Ah! wretch that I am, said I, in an agony of grief, it was I that drew thee from thy friends, thy native land, to share my unhappy destiny! It was I, that permitted thee to risk thy precious life, to get me food! I ought to have died---have perished, sooner than suffered thee, poor hapless youth, to

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run this hazard! Ah, Helim! Helim! where art thou?---Dead?---for me is this?---but I will find thy mangled corse, and bathe it with my tears.

“ So saying I descended the tree, in a frantic rage of grief.---I ran, I flew into the neighbouring wood, which I made resound with the name of my beloved Helim:---when, lo! at a small distance from me, I discovered a green serpent of an enormous size, issuing from his den. ---I saw his terrific jaws.---I saw him rear his crest on high to the burning mid-day sun. Horror seized me---when through the trees I discovered the banks of the river. I instantly ran, and plunged myself into the midst of it, by which means I escaped that dreadful foe to man and beast; who, I believe, had not descried me, but which I looked upon as the certain destroyer of the most generous and amiable friend that ever lived.

“ I swam

“ I swam for my life to the opposite shore of the river. But I will not weary your majesty with the numberless perils and dangers I sustained for several weeks, till I gained Mount. Caucasus; I, however, at length arrived there in safety. The first object which I beheld, was the old man of the mountain, sitting at the entrance of his cave, enjoying the balmy breath of the finest evening nature ever saw. Never did I behold so venerable a figure as this old man. His beard was whiter than the driven snow, and reached to his girdle. To an uncommon sweetness which appeared in his aged countenance, there was joined an air of the utmost knowledge, and penetration.

“ He received me very courteously, and with a smile, desired I would enter his cave and partake of his simple fare, which consisted of berries, and a few wild

fruits, which grew on the side of the mountain, from which gushed a small rivulet, with which I allayed my thirst, after I had satisfied my hunger.

“ I soon informed him of the occasion of my visit ; and shewed him the fatal picture, which I always wore next my heart.

“ The venerable sage looked upon me with humanity ; but expressed no surprize at the singularity of my unhappy attachment. He was too well acquainted with the human heart, to express the least wonder at the strange effects of its passions.

“ He looked at the picture attentively, particularly at the the characters under it ; examined several books of ancient languages, and appeared deeply lost in contemplation : — but, alas ! could give me no information. He returned me the picture with these words :

“ Young

“ Young man, I pity you :—— though my knowledge is pretty general, yet, I confess, I am wholly unacquainted with these characters ; consequently I cannot inform you of either the name, or nation of this lady.——My advice is then to return home and drop the pursuit.

“ I told him that was impossible, for that my soul would never find rest, until I had made the discovery.

“ Hapless young man ! he cried, with great emotion of pity.——And after a pause, I can inform you, said he, of a wonderful magician, who, I believe, can assist you, but the distance he lives at from hence is great.

“ I hastily replied, that would be no objection.

“ He then told me, in a desert island near the coast of Sumatra, lived Alquise, who had knowledge
of

of every language of every nation, under the sun, and likewise of all events, past, present, and to come.

“ I thanked the old man of the mountain for his intelligence, who gave me an affectionate embrace at parting ; and I set out on this most perilous, and immense journey.

“ To recount the dangers I met with, both by land and sea, would fill a volume ; but what will not a young heart undertake, when violently bent on the possession of its darling object !——In fine, I reached the island of Sumatra, after having twice suffered shipwreck. From Sumatra, I with the utmost difficulty, at length reached the desert island, to which I had been directed by the old man of the mountain. I wandered in it some days, without seeing either man or beast. I found however, that tree in great abundance which bears the bread-fruit, and that afforded me great nourish-

nourishment. I could see no person of whom I could enquire where the magician dwelt, till chance directed me to the side of an high rock, under which I observed a dark and deep cave, overgrown with yew, and other baneful boughs of trees, on which were seated several bats, ravens, and other birds of prey.

“ Whilst I was considering if this was the abode of the wonderful magician, I saw a small, ill-favoured tawny dwarf, who came out of the cave. He accosted me civilly; and after I had informed him my business was to his master, he acquainted me, to my infinite regret, that a few days before, he had set out on a long journey to his castle, in the Black Forest, in the kingdom of Monomotapa, in Africa.

“ This was a stroke, indeed, after all the hazards and inexpressible hardships I had sustained in getting to the desert island. But that passion

sion which absorbs every other consideration, where it has once taken root, animated me to pursue every method for its gratification.

“ I got again to Sumatra, from whence I embarked in the first ship; and after a series of calamities, arrived in Africa.

“ I proceeded to the kingdom of Monomotapa, and at length arrived at the Black Forest, when I soon discovered a magnificent castle before me, which I imagined to be the residence of the renowned magician Alquise; and I was right in my conjecture. I never beheld a more superb structure; it was built entirely of black marble. Twelve tawny-coloured dwarfs conducted me up the like number of steps to an apartment where Alquise was sitting with another magician.

“ Your majesty, continued the merchant, will imagine the idea of being alone with two enchanters could

could give me no very pleasing ideas: however, I soon found I had nothing to fear. I recounted the dangers, the amazing perils I had suffered in getting to his presence, and I soon learnt that the wisdom of a magician cannot defend him from the pride inherent to man; for he seemed pleased with the preference I had given him.

“ An elegant repast was set before me; after which I entered upon the business I came about. I took the picture from my breast, and presented it, begging him to discover the name and place of abode of the fair lady whose portrait it was.

“ He looked at the characters, but seemed rather surprized, and said they were in the Chaldean language.

“ His brother magician retired with him into another apartment to inspect some manuscripts on this occasion, which, they doubted not, would

would lead to a discovery of the name.

“ I was left three hours alone, in a perturbation of mind no words can express,—At length the magicians returned to me with the picture.

“ Young man, said Alquise, I pity thy unfortunate passion ; but it is necessary to inform thee this lady lived four thousand years ago. She was the beautiful captive princess Babradabour, daughter of Jehoiakim, king of Judah, in the days of the Babylonish captivity, at the time of Jeremiah the prophet ; or of Sennacherib, king of Assyria, in the days of good king Hezekiah, successor to David, king over Israel.”

“ The magician might have gone on for a year in his account of the kings of Babylon or Israel :—I heard no more—My eyes seemed closed in death ; cold sweats bedewed my face, and I fell lifeless at the feet of
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the magician.—Successive fits of fainting rendered me unable to speak for several hours.

I remained at the black castle for some weeks in the most deplorable state of melancholy.

“ One would naturally have imagined, that on the knowledge of the beautiful object of my unhappy passion having so long ceased to be, I should have recovered my tranquility; but, alas! I found the effect entirely different:—I was now wretched beyond the power of description.—I found it was hope, that friend to love, that had before, so wonderfully supported me, and now that friend had left me!

“ Ah! why, said I, in an agony of despair, did I seek to know my destiny? I might still have gazed on that bewitching face—still have fancied those enchanting eyes were fixed on mine with softness! But those fond ideas are for ever banished

ed, and black despair must now be the lot of Hassan!

“ I wandered whole days in the Black Forest, calling on the name of the beautiful princess Babralda-bour.

“ In fine, after having received many civilities from the magician, I departed for Bagdat; where, after a tedious journey, I arrived in safety, though to be, if possible, more unhappy; as the first news I heard on my arrival was, that my dear and excellent parent had expired a few weeks before, through grief at my long absence. This fatal news drove me near destruction. And though I came into the possession of immense wealth, the agonies of my mind rendered me incapable of enjoying it.

“ Wretched Hassan! I continually exclaimed, what miseries has thy folly, the pursuit of thy obstinate passion occasioned! It was that, alas! which brought my poor, my
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ever-lamented Helim, to an untimely shocking death!—It was that which has shorn my dear, my aged parent's thread of life in twain, and, brought his grey hairs with sorrow to the grave!—My faithful slave too lost their lives on my account! Gracious heaven! what a chain of miserable events has my mad pursuit brought on me! But my crime in disobeying the commands of my father, has met with its just punishment.

“ Thus continually spending my wretched days in the agonies of remorse, I wear out a miserable being.

“ It is now ten years since this calamity befel me; but time, by no means, has obliterated my sorrows. I have long tried to cheat my griefs, by assuming a face of cheerfulness, whilst my heart is a prey to the keenest anguish. The recital of my misfortunes will convince your majesty, that I justly said I was one of
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the most wretched of human beings, however I conceal my sorrows under a shew of joy."

Here the merchant finished his history. The humane Haroun Arrifchid, testified great compassion for the misfortunes of the unhappy Hafsán. He loaded him with favours; made him one of his chief favourites; and often caused him to recite his affecting story to the young nobles of the court, to warn them of the fatal effects of suffering an inordinate passion to lead them into pursuits equally vain and fruitless; pursuits which can only be productive of repentance and disappointment.



F I N I S.

